

WOODLAND STANDARD.

VOL. I

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NO. 15

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ADVERTISING RATES:
Per Square, first insertion.....\$1 00
Subsequent insertions.....50
Regular advertisements, 1 column, per mo.....10 00
Professional Cards, per month.....3 00
Local Notices, per line, first insertion.....1 00
Subsequent insertions.....50

THOS. ROSS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church, WOODLAND, CAL.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Woodland, Cal.
Office and residence over Whitmore & Higginson's Drug Store.

W. T. LUCAS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Whitmore & Higginson's Drug Store, Main St. WOODLAND, CAL.

E. L. PARAMORE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office at Elston & White's Drug Store. Residence, Fourth Street, WOODLAND, CAL.

C. E. PINKHAM, M. D.,

Homeopathic Physician,

WOODLAND, CAL.

DR. HODGEN,

DENTIST.

OFFICE up stairs in Excelsior Block, Woodland, Cal.
Teeth Extracted without Pain.
All work warranted of best material and finest style of the art. Set of teeth on fine gold plate, \$40, that used to cost in San Francisco \$100. jyl9

W. H. ROBINSON,

DENTIST.

Office and residence, SEBASTIAN. Will be in Winters one-fourth of his time. ap5

L. P. EVERETT,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND COUNTY SURVEYOR OF YOLO COUNTY.
Office in Court House, Woodland.

F. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

MR. MARSHALL. J. CRAIG. W. H. GRANT.
MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
Special attention to Patent Suits and Probate Cases.
Excelsior Block, Woodland.

W. T. BELL, M. D.,

[University of Pennsylvania.]

H. B. BELL, M. D.,

[University of Maryland.]

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Office at Drug Store. WINTERS, Yolo County, Cal.

Prather & Holmes,

DENTISTS,

First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND, CAL.

A. N. DICK, M. D.

DENTIST,

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. One door west of Express Office, over Whitmore & Higginson's Drug Store,
WOODLAND, CAL.

W. P. WOMACK,

CONSTABLE.

Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.
Will attend to the collection of accounts.
WINTERS, CAL.

French Restaurant.

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.
TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,
B. DENNERY, Prop.

DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,
GIVE HER A CALL.

BANK OF WOODLAND.

Capital Stock, \$500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
F. S. FREEMAN.....Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Real Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE.

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

mar15

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos.....\$1.50 per doz.

Cabinets.....3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negative, etc. Going exclusively into view and copying, Engraving and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it.
KING, Photo.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street.....Woodland.

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY!

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction. It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the following certificate of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Landerback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, testifying to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to.

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1879.

GEO. W. SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whiskey," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING OILS, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whiskey is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for medicinal and domestic purposes.

Respectfully,
G. SIMMONDS, Esq.,—I have been using your Nabob Whiskey for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes.

To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whiskey for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your X.V. O. F. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly,
H. C. LANDERBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ill to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to counteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quick compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using any unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whiskey is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Landerback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, averring that Nabob Whiskey is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whiskey is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterious substances.

Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for medicinal and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whiskey as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

WASHINGTON, September 25.—The Evening Star publishes an interview with Senator Bruce, Chairman of the Senate Committee to investigate the affairs of the Freedman's Bank, in which the Senator is reported to have said that inasmuch as he was the only member of the Committee at present in the city, he felt constrained to keep a padlock on his mouth; "but" said he, "when we do make our report, there will be startling revelations, which I cannot speak of now. There is one great trouble, I find that our experts have in balancing the books, and that is just when they reach that point which ought to lead to some important development they find that three or four pages of the ledger are torn out. What I want to do is to induce Congress to buy the Freedman's Bank, with the building and the property up to the corner of Sixteenth street. If such sale can be effected I will guarantee that an additional dividend of 20 per cent will be paid to the bank's creditors. With the 30 per cent already paid and the 20 per cent additional which I anticipate that the bank will pay the payments will aggregate a total of 50 per cent and that is all I think that ever will be paid. What ought to be done by Congress is to buy the building and discharge the three Commissioners who have each for years been drawing a salary of \$2000 per year."

A Sagacious Dog.

Some one at the British Associations meeting at Dublin read a paper on the intellect of animals. He cited no case so remarkable as that of Cuchino's dog which lives on this boat. This, and the steamer which runs to Desenzano—fifteen miles away at the southwest corner of the lake—start from Riva at the north end of Garda. The dog was familiar with the crews of both, and with the other craft, but he had never made a trip by her. For a long time he watched her course down the other side of the lake and saw her drawing farther and farther away, until she was hidden by the projecting point. One day, his mind fully settled to its theory he proceeded to verify it. He marched deliberately over to Desenzano, took passage, came safely to Riva, and went back to his familiar kitchen with an air of entire satisfaction. He could not be induced to make another trip by that boat. He had "done" it and had no more worlds to conquer in that direction. He had reasoned out a plan of action, and had found his reasoning correct.

What ails the world? The poet cried—

And why does death walk everywhere?

And why do tears fall anywhere?

And skies have clouds, and souls have care?

And thus the poet sang, and sighed.

For he would fain have all things glad,

All live happy, all hearts bright,

Not a day would end in night,

Not a wrong would vex a right—

And so he sang—and he was sad.

Tho' his very grandest rhymes

Moved a mournful monotone—

Like a shadow eastward thrown

From a sunset—like a moan

Tangled in a joy-bell's chimes.

"What ails the world?" he sang and asked

And he asked and sang—but all in vain;

No answer came to any strain,

And no reply to his refrain—

The mystery moved round him masked.

"What ails the world?"—an echo came—

"Ails the world?" The minstrel bands,

With famous or forgotten hands,

Lift up their lyres in all the lands,

And chant alike, and ask the same.

From him whose soul first soared in song,

A thousand, thousand years away,

To him who sang but yesterday,

In dying or in deathless lay—

"What ails the world?" comes from the throne.

They fain would sing the world to rest—

And so they chant in countless keys

As many as the waves of seas,

And as the breathings of the breeze,

Yet even when they sing their best—

When o'er the listening world there floats

Such melody as raptures men,

When all look up entranced—and then

The song of fame floats forth—e'en then

A discord creepeth thro' the notes.

Their sweetest harps have broken strings,

Their grandest accords have their jars,

Like shadows on the light of stars,

And somehow, something ever mars

The song the greatest minstrel sings.

And so each son is incomplete,

And not a rhyme can ever round

Into the chords of perfect sound

The tones of thought that e'er surround

The ways walked by the poet's feet.

"What ails the world?" he sings and sighs;

No answer cometh to his cry;

He ask the earth and asks the sky;

The echoes of his song pass by

Unanswered—and the poet dies.

—[Father Ryan.]

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A Thank Offering.
I wish my hand could trace the words,
Deep burning in the heart,
They give a thrill of ecstasy,
And cause joy's tear to start.
They warm, they gladden every pulse;
They brighten every thought;
Shed purer rays than ever were
By pleasure-seekers sought.
So deeply buried in the heart,
Yet glow through every vein;
Then back again, to nestle where
Warm grateful love would reign.
The heart so full seems like to burst
In fervent thankful tone;
Like caged bird, so glad, to escape
And free to make and home.
But words so caged cannot flee,
To those I would be frank to;
They're fettered here, they're chained by love,
Can only say—"I thank you."
—MART STANLEY, in *Waverley*.

Too Many Nurses.
BY BEN SAXON.
The baby had arrived. An every day occurrence to be sure—but not in our family. The mother lay with a world of mother-love dawning in her pale face. The nurse smiled complacently, and handled the little bundle of flannel and embroidery so deftly as to awaken the wonder and envy of the new aunties, who were allowed to tiptoe in, to take their first view of the new baby, and to declare with sundry wise looks and nods, that the little wrinkled red face, was a "perfect beauty, and the image of both father and mother." Telegrams flew hither to Mrs. Fitch, the new baby's new grandma on the mother's side, and to Mrs. Allen, the new grandma on the father's side, to announce that the baby had arrived. The new papa walked down the street to the telegraph office with such a satisfied smirk on his countenance that passers-by could not fail to question as to what good fortune had befallen the man.
Next morning came a telegram from Grandma Fitch, saying that she had started for the Allen mansion, and should be with them by afternoon; and in the afternoon came a telegram from Grandma Allen that she was en route for the same destination, and would reach there the next morning, and by the following evening, both grandmas sat in state at either side of baby's cradle, impatiently waiting for the first appearance of their nephew's waking to catch him up and renew their almost lost art of baby-tending. If Grandma Fitch was so fortunate as to get possession first, she immediately wandered off into reminiscences of the babyhood of her daughter, and compared the present habits, looks, etc., of the new baby, to that period of her daughter's life. Or, if the favor fell to Mrs. Allen, it was quite wonderful how many characteristics the child had like its father at the same stage of life.
Under the care of the much respected nurse, both mother and child thrived. But there came a day when another new baby was expected in another family, and after many kisses, and rules for the future welfare of her "darling cherub," nurse and her capacious carpet bag, took their departure for new scenes, and new triumphs.
"My dear," said Mother Fitch as the door closed upon the departing nurse, "I did not like to find fault with your nurse, but I can't say I altogether liked her treatment of baby, and now she's gone will soon have things different. I'll go put on my afternoon cap and then I can take him when he wakens."
"I'm really glad that nurse is away at last," mused Mrs. Allen as she peeped from her chamber window, "I never saw a woman with so many new-fangled notions, and Lizzie's mother is no better. I only thought to stay a week, or so, but it's my duty to stop and get the child into regular habits. There's everything in starting right, and it shan't be my fault if my son's child isn't brought up in the way it should go."
"I never put a baby in the bath-tub till it is at least six months old," said Grandma Allen, as the young mother was preparing her baby's morning bath, "a sponge bath does just as much good."
"I always put my babies right into the water, almost from the first month. There's nothing like getting them used to it, and it strengthens their little limbs so much," and Grandma Fitch nodded her head in a mildly emphatic manner.
"Oh, yes," chimed in mamma, "I just long for the time when baby will splash around. He really seems to enjoy it now, and fairly screamed when nurse took him out of the water yesterday."
"Screamed with cold more likely. Poor little thing. If I had my way, that bath-tub would be lugged up to the attic for four months yet."
"But nurse said that baby slept better after his bath, and that the more he slept the stronger he grew; and he seems always warm as toast."
"Nurses don't know everything. I've brought up seven of my own, and I don't believe babies can be kept too warm."
"And I think most babies are kept altogether too warm. They are taken out to ride muffled up to the nose, with a heavy worsted veil over the rest of their face; and when the wraps are taken off, they are in such a profuse perspiration, ten chances to one, they do not take cold, and pave the way for catarrh, and weak lungs. I think the habits of toasting a baby by a hot stove, and of covering their heads when asleep most pernicious ones. I hope Lizzie won't be afraid to give her boy plenty of water and fresh air."
The battle once begun, knew no warring. Grandma Allen firm in her own conviction of what was for the welfare of her nephew, yielded not one jot; while Grandma Fitch, whose old heart was tender yet, and who loved the baby with a love born of such tenderness, worried, and fretted, and tried in a mild way to gather some comfort for the babe in this uncomfortable world. If baby was going for an airing, grandma number one muffled it up till hardly a square inch of flesh was visible, while grandma number two slipped out the side gate, and as soon as the door

closed, hurriedly removed a blanket or two, and walking back to the sitting-room, took up her knitting so demurely that no suspicion was aroused. Did the baby cry, Mrs. Fitch "knew the baby was hungry and it must be fed." "I never fed a baby oftener than once in three hours. Half the babies cry because they are overfed." "Why I fed Lizzie herself every two hours, and there never was a healthier infant. I think myself if mothers had fewer rules and more patience, there'd be fewer fretting babies." Or was the screaming more protracted.
The little darling's got wind colic. I'll make a little catnip tea right off," and off trotted number one to the kitchen for hot water.
"Colic! the child's stomach is overloaded. A good dose of castor oil's the thing. I've got a bottle in my trunk," and away flew number two, each hurrying for fear the other will get at the seat of action first.
At breakfast it was, "I could not sleep last night, that baby fretted so much," from the tired mamma.
"Oh, they always begin sooner or later. You just let him cry it out once, and you won't be troubled again. You should never lift him after you once lay him down for the night. It's just nothing but clear temper. I had just one fight with every one of my babies, and they soon found out that six o'clock meant bedtime, and bedtime meant go to sleep."
"Well, for my part, I don't believe a baby ever cries for nothing. I've seen the time myself when I was so tired and nervous that I couldn't sleep, and to get out of bed for five minutes was a rest and a comfortable change, and if my babies seemed restless, I just took them up for awhile. They can't be babies but once, and they soon grow too big for mother's arms, so I just give them all the comfort I can, and get all the comfort I can with them."
"Fudge! A good shaking would rest them more than anything; and if it was my child it would get it at the start, and save lots of trouble by and by."
Mother Fitch folded her hands, and shook her head in mild indignation.
But one morning the baby seemed really sick. His little head was hot and feverish, and his eyes heavy.
"That child's going to have the measles. They always begin just so." "Shouldn't wonder if he was coming down with whooping-cough. He hasn't looked right for a week."
"I've seen enough children with measles to know them when I see them. A good hot bath and a dose of castor-oil will bring them out by to-morrow," and away goes number one to prepare her remedy.
"My dear," says number two, "I don't see a symptom of the measles, and castor-oil is a barbarous medicine. Don't you use it. A little saffron tea would be the thing."
"I think the safest plan will be to send for the doctor, and do as he says," said the much puzzled mother. And to the great indignation of the offended grandmas the physician was sent for.
On his arrival, each hastened to describe the symptoms and then waited in suppressed excitement for their judgment to be confirmed. But the doctor said nothing. There was an amused twinkle in his eye as he prescribed a medicine with a long latin name that fairly startled the old ladies, and then under pretence of taking up his hat and cane, surreptitiously beckoned the young mother to the hall.
"My dear," he said, as soon as they were alone, "I am an old man, and you will excuse me for speaking plain. There is nothing serious the matter with your baby, only a little disarrangement of the stomach, (for which I have given a little rhubarb and magnesia), and—too many nurses. Could you not dispense with two?" and with a genial laugh he was off.
That evening there was a quiet conversation between husband and wife, and ere another week, both mothers were on their homeward way. But so pleasantly and considerably had the matter been arranged that each guest imagined her departure was for her own free will and desire, and each assured their children that they "would come again as soon as possible."

Juvenile Magnanimity.
A lad was once called before the police court in one of our large cities for throwing a stone, which struck a little girl in the eye. The respectability of the parties excited considerable interest and drew many persons to hear the examination. The boy was bound to appear at the municipal court, and Colonel Mason was engaged as his counsel. Soon after the examination, another boy about twelve years of age, called upon the Colonel and asked:
"Sir, are you engaged to defend—?"
"Yes, I am; why do you ask?"
To which the little fellow replied:
"Because, sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission."
"Well done—you are a fine boy. What is your name?"
"My name is—"
"Well," said the counselor, admiring the noble-heartedness of the lad, will you tell the county attorney you committed the act?"
"Yes, sir," said he, and immediately went to the attorney's office for that purpose.
The friends of the injured girl, on hearing these particulars, declined taking any further steps in the matter.
THE EXCAVATIONS AT OLYMPIA.
The works at Olympia which have been so successfully carried on by, and at the expense of the German Government have been temporarily discontinued during the hot season. Recent excavations at the famous Temple of Zeus have brought to light highly important objects of art, which are attributed to competent authority, to some of the leading sculptors of ancient Greece. The Berlin Cabinet is certainly to be praised for the disinterestedness displayed at Olympia, for, according to the treaty concluded with the Hellenic Government, all the articles found belong to the latter, while the former, having the privilege of defraying an enormous expenditure, has only permission to take a few casts for its museums.

This, That and the Other.
The almanac-maker is just now getting his fall bearings.
What a lonesome home it must be without children or dogs!

Mexico allows a million bushels of huckleberries to go to grass for want of picking.
Ohio's new tramp law works so effectively that tramps going from point to point walk at the rate of four miles per hour.

It is thought that good printing paper could be made out of fence-rails, if it wasn't so sinful to throw away slivers and knots.

The law which sends a boy of twelve to prison for bad conduct, should send his father along with him for bad government.

Accidents will happen, you know, but it isn't hardly safe to kiss another man's wife more than once and claim it as a mistake.

A New Jersey tax-collector felt so sorry for himself that he made no return on his property, hence an indignation meeting.

Maryland finds more money in raising peaches than in encouraging prize fighting, and the results are also more toothsome to outsiders.

Rhode Island promises to take care of the rest of this country if the wheat crop in other States fails. She was always just that big-hearted.

A Rhode Island man who got a new idea in ballooning, now needs a new idea in legs—a pair which can't be broken by a fall of fifty feet.

Those people who need a bath the most are the ones who can't get to the sea. They have to stay home and pay a tax of \$3 a year on a bath tub.

Under a new rule at Auburn Prison, convicts are not allowed to receive any newspapers giving them puffs on the way they took in the sentence.

A Pennsylvania man with two wooden legs is the accepted suitor of a New York widow with a wooden arm and a glass eye. Let them be happy.

"Principles, not men," is what acquaints a Chinese washee man to plunge the shirt of a State Senator into the same tub with a laborer's socks.

A Michigan tramp who has been shot at five times by farmers' wives says he has only to watch the end of the gun to avoid the contents, as a woman always shuts both eyes when she pulls the trigger.

Folly of Fashion.
Fashion, or the Goddess of Fashion, is arbitrary. The goddess is generally a beautiful and wealthy young lady in this country and a prince or princess in Europe. If a prince has corns or bunions in Europe and waddles around you will immediately see the whole court affecting the same waddling gait.

In Saratoga a new fashion is adopted by the whole town in a day if introduced by the proper party. To illustrate: The other day a beautiful and wealthy young lady appeared at the State's in a summer costume, with a black fur Derby hat—just such a hat as a Yale student would wear in February. Immediately every young lady said:

"Oh, isn't it dreadful! Who ever heard of a black fur hat, with one checked Guinea fowl's feather in it, worn in the hot summer? It's perfectly dreadful—horrible!"

"But don't you know who she is?" asked an old *habitué* of the States.

"No, but she must be some Western girl who doesn't know any better," the new ones said.

"No," said the old *habitué*, "that young lady lives in one of the handsomest brown-stone houses on Fifth Avenue."

"Her father is one of the wealthiest men in America; the young lady herself is worth a million dollars, and—"

"Oh, you don't say so? Who is she?"

Four days after the above conversation I saw almost every fashionable young lady in Saratoga wearing the same kind of black round crowned, curled-brimmed Derby fur hat. Hats covered with feathers and artificial, costing forty dollars, had been thrust aside and hats made to match suits had been laid away, while the black Derby was on every young lady's head.

When I went up to the Fort William Hotel, at Lake George, it was the same black Derby hat, and when I slipped into the aristocratic Windsor, in Montreal, I found these same hats on the heads of all the young ladies. By this time the fashion has spread all over the country—all because a certain fashionable and wealthy young lady took a notion to wear a black Derby.—*Saratoga Letter*.

Collecting a Doubtful Bill.
A wag of a lawyer was sitting in his office, in Des Moines, the other day, deeply engaged in unravelling some knotty question, when a gentleman entered and inquired:

"Is this Mr. Z.?"

The student of Blackstone, raising his eyes from the legal book before him, replied:

"If you owe me anything, or have any business in my line, then Z. is my name; if you have a claim to present, I am not the man. If you called simply for a chat, you may call me any name."

"I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of twenty-five dollars I want you to collect," and handing the lawyer a note, departed to call the next day. As soon as he was gone the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises.

The next day his client appeared and inquired:

"Well, what success?"

"All right; I have collected the money. Here it is, less my fees; hand him fifteen dollars."

"Good," said the client. "I have made two dollars and a half by this operation."

"How so?" said the lawyer.

"Well," replied the client, "I tried all over the city to sell your note for twelve dollars and a half, but could not do it."

Schwatkas's Search.

In the New York *Herald* is a letter from Camp Daly, Hudson's Bay, from which the following is an interesting extract. The letter was written on the 9th of August, the hottest of the season:

"Haul in the gang plank; let go the tow line," shouted the captain of the Fletcher. Then he signalled the engine to go ahead, and the little schooner Eothen was abandoned to her own resources and the mercy of the mighty ocean. The last frantic hand-shaking was over and only wind-blown kisses and parting injunctions passed back and forth as the distance between the voyagers and their escort kept continually increasing, until nothing could be heard but the hearty cheers that wished for us a pleasant journey and unbounded success. There was no time now for regrets, for if we would be comfortable we must direct our thoughts seaward and get our bunks ready for sleeping. So we were paired off and went immediately to work.

Lieutenant Schwatka is not only the senior officer of the expedition, but at the same time taller than me by several inches, I willingly yielded him the top bunk of our stateroom and waited patiently outside until he had prepared his lair, for it would be impossible for two to work at the same time in such very narrow space. He at last arranged his two buffalo robes (a parting gift from Spotted Tail) to his perfect satisfaction, and I soon spread my humble blankets to the best advantage. So much accomplished we retired to our first sleep on shipboard.

At a quarter before eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th instant we saw the first iceberg. During the night of the 11th I heard the order given to wear ship, and was called on deck to see an iceberg dead ahead, but so great was the distance and the weather so foggy that it was some time before I could make it out, and then it appeared only as a thin, faintly bluish line. The eagle eyes of the second mate had discovered it in time to avoid any danger of collision, but the Captain thought it more prudent to leave to and wait until dawn before continuing our course. The following morning a regular old veteran berg could be seen from the deck, about twenty miles away. It was apparently about a mile long, and could have supplied the city of New York with ice for many years, were there any way to preserve it for that purpose. During the 13th we saw four large icebergs which passed close by the ship. While writing in the cabin about 11 o'clock of the 15th, the mate on watch called me on deck to see a magnificent aurora, the first we had seen. It was truly a grand spectacle.

At the same time the moon was shining brightly and the sea as smooth as glass. Near by an immense iceberg looked black against the red twilight along the horizon, while in the distance another berg was white in the light of the full moon. The air was filled with the voices of wild ducks, who could be heard but not seen. On Friday, the 19th, in latitude 59 deg. 54 min. north, and longitude 60 deg. 45 min. west, thirteen icebergs were to be seen during the morning, and were of most varied and picturesque description. One appeared like a huge circus tent, with an adjoining sideshow booth, while near by another was a most perfect representation of a cottage by the sea, with gables toward the observer and chimneys rising at proper intervals along the roofs. On the other side of the vessel a huge monster presented a vast amphitheatre, with innumerable columns sparkling in the sunlight and dazzling the spectator with their intense brilliancy. I made a few sketches of the most remarkable in view, but as twenty-three could be seen from the deck at three o'clock, I gave up in despair. At six o'clock thirty-three were in sight, and the sun set beautifully in front of the mountains of the deep.

On the night of the 19th I went on deck to see an iceberg, which was a perfect counterpart of Newstead Abbey. One could almost fancy he saw the ivy creeping over its sides, so deceptive were the shadows that fell upon it from pinnacles and horizontal projections innumerable.

At half-past seven o'clock in the evening we sighted a brigantine off the weather beam, while thirty-one icebergs were around us. The vessel was going the same way that we were bound, and was about fifteen miles away. Sunday night, the 21st, was a splendid night. One could read distinctly on deck throughout the entire night. There were plenty of icebergs around. Those in front and on both sides of the ship were black against the sky, the moon being on the other side of them, while those we passed shone in all their virgin beauty in the bright moonlight. The red twilight still lingered along the horizon, graduating through a pale yellow tint to orange and then deepening into intense blue that was almost black. The picture was fierce in color and startling in the contrasts it presented.

At a quarter before nine o'clock the next night we sighted Resolution Island in the dim distance. Spy-glasses were at once brought into requisition and we could see that the mirage had fooled us, though there seemed little doubt of the land's being visible. The next morning the land was in plain sight, about thirty or thirty-five miles off the weather beam, and the water filled with small and dangerous pieces of ice. The land was covered with fog and looked desolate enough, but nevertheless seemed acceptable after a tedious journey against head winds and calms. The wind was still directly out of the straits, and we had to beat backward and forward from Resolution to Button Island, and it seemed as if the straits were unapproachable. Toward night the wind blew a perfect gale, and added to the usual dangers was the risk of running upon the icebergs.

On every side, many of them having sharp points projecting below the surface of the water, and heavy enough to pierce the sides of any vessel going at the speed we were compelled to make in order to keep sufficient headway to steer clear of such obstacles as could be seen. The Captain and first mate, who were on deck most of the night, said that disaster was imminent; that

the danger was constant, and that the night was withal one of the most terrible ordeals they had ever experienced. I was tired and slept soundly and consequently knew nothing about it until morning, which dawned brightly and with a light breeze, under which we passed up to the first ice pack I had ever seen. While engaged in conversation an inexperienced hand at the wheel brought us so close to a small cake of ice, about the size of the schooner, that collision was inevitable. A long projection beneath the water had a most dangerous look, but fortunately was so deep that the keel of the Eothen ran up on it and somewhat deadened her headway. Long poles were got out at once, and all hands pushing, succeeded after awhile in getting her clear without damage, but it was a perilous moment.

We worked over toward the south side of the Strait and found a channel through which we could make but slow progress. The wind increased and blew terrifically all night, forcing the vessels to beat back and forth in the mouth of the straits, and we had a similar experience on that of the 22d, running the gamut under reefed mainsail and jib through loose ice and in imminent danger of shipwreck. Next day the ice appeared somewhat open, and Captain Barry concluded to venture into the pack. When we got clear water we worked up to the bulkhead of ice and passed Resolution Island. We were almost as glad to get rid of it as we had been to see it nearly a week before. All the icebergs we saw were aground and several of them had high arches cut into their sides, which looked as if our vessel might safely sail inside and secure a harbor. We worked up beyond the Lower Savage Islands and in sight of the middle Savage and Saddle Back Rock.

Elegant Rooms for Bachelors.
The Baltimore *Gazette* speaks in this strain: At last the time is beginning to appreciate those noble, sensible fellows who refrain from matrimony. For ages the bachelor has been a sort of social outcast. He has been tolerated, but always with something of that pitying contempt which is the especial heritage of the lady who is so unfortunate as to reach the mysterious age and condition of old maid. The entire civilized world has been long organized on a system designed to promote matrimony. The bachelor has been rated low. He has been compelled to keep out of railroad cars set apart exclusively for gentlemen accompanied by ladies; at hotels he has been compelled to occupy high rooms while family people enjoyed the rooms in lower stories; he has been forced to stand back on crowded steamboats until the brethren with wives were seated at dinner. He has been subjected to thousands of little indignities besides being compelled to listen to the stories of the beauties of domestic life from chaps who, having been caught in the matrimonial trap, have sighed for the company which misery delights in. In cities people generally dislike to rent rooms to bachelors. For various reasons they are not looked upon as desirable renters. They are irregular in hours, loose in habits, prone to boisterous company and inclined to throw books at cats of quiet evenings. But at last the benefactor of the bachelor has risen. A prominent property owner and builder is now erecting two splendid buildings on the French flat principle for the exclusive use and behoof of bachelors. The rooms are especially arranged for the comforts of "single gentlemen." There are studies and art closets and a back stairway for servants. A restaurant in each building will supply sustenance and, of course, there will be a bar in conjunction therewith. Elegant tile-floored, frescoed rooms will be rented for \$550 per year and none but single gentlemen apply. This is progress. This is civilization, erasing out prejudice, and it will now behoove the Societies for the Promotion of Matrimony to hump themselves.

Hail! happy day, so bright and fair,
Who would not be a bachelor?

At Long Branch, dress coats are not considered the correct thing. At Atlantic City, street car fare is ten cents. At Put-in-Bay you can retail the grapes you can eat for nothing. At Saratoga they charge you a quarter for a glass of lemonade with a stick—that is, a straw in it. At Coney Island they bathe in the surf at night, bathed in electric light. At Newport you don't count for much if you stay at a hotel. At Potosky you don't require to have a parasol to match your dress. At Cape May you do. At Narragansett Pier you must look out for spring guns. At Mackinaw a lady may flirt a little with the soldiers. At Fort Wayne she mustn't. At Old Orchard Beach they have the most elaborate bathing dresses in America. At Belle Isle they have the steepest. At the White Mountains and Lake Superior overcoats are fashionable. At old Point Comfort, Va., and Hot Springs, Ark., they are out of style. At Toledo, Cleveland and Chicago are the fewest attractions for a summer tourist. At Detroit there are so many that no one has ever yet been able to enumerate them.—*Detroit Press*.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.—Never make your appearance in the morning without having first dressed yourself neatly and completely. Keep your clothing, especially under-clothing, in perfect order. Never let pins do duty as buttons, or strings take the place of proper bands. Train yourself to useful occupations. Remember, it is wicked to waste time, and nothing gives such an impression of vanity and absolute silliness, as never having anything to do. If you are in your father's house, take some department of household labor upon yourself, and a part of needlework, and make it your business to attend to it. Do not let a call from this idle girl, or a visit from that, or an invitation from the other, interfere with the performance of your duty. Let your pleasures come in as recreations, not as the business of your life. If you want to marry, do not court or try to attract the attention of gentlemen. It is better to be a woman than a wife, and do not degrade your sex by making your whole existence turn on the pivot of matrimony.

The Northeast Passage.

The Swedish exploring steamer *Vega*, belonging to the Nordenskjöld expedition, has arrived at Yokohama, having successfully accomplished the Northeast passage. The health of the entire ship's company is excellent. I have just seen Professor Nordenskjöld, who says that during the latter part of February he sent a letter to Dr. O. Dickson, of Gothenburg, from the winter quarters of the *Vega*, but he has no intimation that his patron has received it. The Professor says:—"We sailed from Gothenburg on July 4, 1878, and a four days' sail brought us to Tromsø (a Norwegian port on an island of the same name), where our outfit of furs and necessities for the high latitudes was completed. Here we were joined by the companion steamer, the *Lena*. On July 25, both vessels sailed from Tromsø, passed through the Ygor Strait (south of Nova Zembla) on August 5. There was not a particle of ice to be seen between Waigatsch (Waigatsch a Russian island) and the continent. The Kara Sea, hitherto dreaded by all sailors in the Arctic regions, was equally free from ice, and anchor was cast at Port Dickson, near the mouth of the Yenisei, on August 6."

"After a three days' delay there the two steamers of our expedition steered northeast, toward the dreaded Taimur land and the North Cape. The ice arrested our passage, and we were compelled to remain at Tajoer (Cape Taimur?) four days. On August 19, Tesej, the extreme northern point of Asia, was reached, where a short rest was taken. The *Vega* coasted the peninsula, very little ice being encountered, and anchored at the mouth of the Lena river on August 26. To the northeastward were the islands of New Siberia, which we soon sighted, but were unable to explore because of the great field of ice that girt their shores. The mouth of the Kolyma river (latitude 69 deg. 30 min., longitude 161 deg. 30 min.), a broad estuary was found open, and we hastened to make all possible progress eastward. Our difficulties soon began, however, and increased daily. We were delayed much by the ice between Cape Cook and Van Karem. We crossed Kolintsehm Bay on September 27 with comparative ease, but were imprisoned on the 28th near a Tchukotki settlement (latitude 67 deg. 7 min. north, longitude 177 deg. 24 min. west)."

"We wintered in the pack ice at this point, one mile from land. The entire ship's company maintained the best of health and spirits. Not a single case of scurvy occurred on board. During the shortest day the sun was above the horizon less than three hours, and then only the upper limb was visible. At this point much time was devoted to interesting scientific and ethnographic studies. There were 4,000 inhabitants in the several villages near by, who subsisted by fishing and sealing. They are called the Tchukotki and are a very agreeable class of people for an exploring party to meet. They supplied the expedition with bear and reindeer meat. The cold was intense, averaging 36 centigrade (32.2 degrees below Fahrenheit). The game was abundant in the spring, wild fowl being taken in large numbers. We were detained in the ice at this point 264 days, but were released on July 18 and passed East Cape into Behring Straits on the 20th. Such is the story of our voyage."

"I fully accomplished the object for which the expedition was sent out by Dr. Dickson—namely, a practical proof of the existence of a Northeast Passage. Then the Asiatic coast was followed and St. Lawrence Bay was crossed to Port Clarence, Alaska. Thence we crossed to Koniyan, dredging carefully in order to determine the formation of the bottom of the sea, many specimens of the fauna and flora being obtained. The location, breadth, velocity and approximate volume of the currents of the Arctic and Pacific Polar currents were charted and calculated. Having touched at St. Lawrence Island we next proceeded to Behring Island, where we received the first news from Europe through the resident agent of the Alaska Trading Company. The fossil remains on Behring Island are of immense variety. A new marine animal was here discovered which we named *Rhyolites tellari*. The *Vega* left the island on August 19, and had a pleasant voyage until August 31, when a severe gale was encountered, accompanied with lightning. During the storm, the lightning struck and shattered the mainmast, slightly injuring several men. We arrived off Yokohama at half-past eight on the evening of September 2. All are well, and no deaths have occurred during the voyage."

"The *Vega* is the first vessel to make the passage, and I think the voyage from Europe to Asia by Behring Strait is certain and safe, with very little more experience of navigation in the Northern seas. From Japan to the mouth of the Lena river there are no difficulties in the proper season for experienced sailors. The Lena river takes Central Siberia, and a large prospective trade can readily be developed. The *Vega* will remain at Yokohama about fourteen days."—*N. Y. Herald*.

At a meeting at Paris the other night M. Victor Hugo delivered some remarks upon the distinctive features of each of the last four centuries and of the coming one. "The sixteenth," said he, "was the age of painters, the seventeenth of great writers, the eighteenth of philosophers, and the present is the century of apostles and prophets. Next century war will cease to prevail; the scaffold will disappear; hatred, royalty, frontiers, dogmas, all will be dead and gone. Man will still survive, and there shall be seen, above and superior to all else, one great country, the earth, and one great hope, Heaven."

The art of forgetting is the hardest to learn where it is most in request. It is the happy past that makes a happy present, and together they give the pledge of a happy future—a three-fold cord not easily broken.

To make macaroni tender, put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put in hot water or stewed in milk.

English Gold Coming to America.

That possession which is believed indispensable to remarkable national prosperity, the balance of trade, is unmistakably in the hands of the United States. For many years we bought of other nations more than we sold to them, and gold has flowed across the Atlantic to balance our accounts. At length a point was reached where our purchases were just about equal to our exports, and a little later we were selling more than we bought, and now we are able to review the transactions of a considerable time with much satisfaction, because our exports have been increasing in excess of our imports. To-day there is about upon the Atlantic \$1,500,000 or more of gold, which is coming to the United States. Saturday \$1,000,000 in gold was received from abroad. It is an interesting study to watch the movement of gold as it floats about in the world, and estimate the causes by which the movement from country to country is produced. Speculation has something to do with that movement at times. From \$100,000 to \$200,000,000 in gold to the United States about the year 1873. Legitimate investments in various securities, aside from the ordinary transactions of commerce, are one cause of the international movement of the precious metals. But the balance of trade between two nations is exactly measured by the shipments of gold, when there is no speculation at times. Investment in the securities of either nation by citizens of the other. The gold which has been coming, and which is likely to continue to come, from Europe to the United States is an indication that we are growing richer, that we are buying less than we sell, and that our industries are in a healthful condition. While we hold the balance of trade, gold must continue to come from Europe, and our prosperity must increase.—N. Y. Mail.

Parisian Cleanliness.

The streets are not merely swept in Paris, they are cleaned. The policeman is responsible for the cleanliness of his beat. He may, early in the morning, be seen superintending the operation of the dust carts, and not a shovel of debris is left. The removal of garbage is effected without any incumbrance of the sidewalk by ash boxes or barrels. Before seven o'clock in the morning the Parisian housekeeper must have the accumulated waste of the household dumped in the gutter in front of his residence. This may seem slovenly to an American, but the city garbage cart is punctual to the minute. It may be in place here to say that the Parisians burn little hard coal, and are thereby saved the annoyance of coal ash and dust. The cleaning of the Parisian boulevard is never done. In summer, when the sweeper ends, the sprinkler begins his work. It goes on from morning to night. Dust is an impossibility. The smooth, evenly-graded surface, for miles falling on either side with a gentle curve to the curb, is as clean as the carriage-drive up to the portals of a palace. At intervals you may see an iron rod with a number at the top driven into the ground; pendant from it is a tin case, apparently made for the reception of papers. This rod and belongings seem a portion of the street-cleaner's paraphernalia, and apparently fix certain limits of his work.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.—The French subject has at last been clothed with his full rights. He is now able to indulge, like the people of all other Christian nations, in the luxury of divorce. The example of the United States has proved too much for the French Republic, and our neighbors across the water are determined not to be deprived of any of the privileges of the most advanced people of the age. The history of this matter is most curious. In 1792 a bill was passed which made it easy for a man and wife to separate. The domestic condition of France was such that it seemed likely that nearly every family would have to be reconstructed. In 1797 no less than twenty-seven thousand divorces were obtained. Then more stringent laws were enacted, and they have remained in force until now. France is a happier country than ever before and can more safely be trusted in this direction. How many will avail themselves of this partly open door to drop the chains of conjugal bondage and go out into the great domestic "nowhere" we cannot say. So far as we can see at a glance, though the word "home" does not exist in the French language, the thing which is indicated by the word is to be found in France as truly as in any other quarter of the globe.

"The first year I was in Florida, on the St. Mark's, an opossum was caught in the night making trouble in the hen house. The next morning a little bright-eyed colored boy, of eight or nine years, lay on his back watching the animal, who was confined to a stake in the yard.

"Well, Smart, did you ever see a 'possum before?"

"Oh, 'es 'em."

"What do you do when you find them?"

"I 'ze kills 'em."

"Did you ever see a coon?"

"Oh, 'es 'em."

"Well, what do you do with them?"

"I 'ze leaves 'em."

"Did you ever come across a moccasin in the woods?"

"'Es 'em."

"What do you do then?"

"I 'ze kills 'em," said he with a merry laugh.

"Did you ever meet a rattlesnake?"

"'Es 'em."

"What do you do then, my boy?"

"I 'ze leave quick!"—Mrs. Beecher's Florida.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a greasy spot, or liquor of any kind.

The Georgia Senate has already repealed the bill making it optional with the jury whether murder shall be punished by hanging or by the penitentiary.

Watkins Glenn.

This wonderful piece of nature's handiwork, in the making of which seems to have been guided in turn by a spirit of grandeur and loveliness, growing each year in popularity, now takes rank with the three or four great "show places" of the continent—Niagara Falls, the Yosemite Valley, the Mammoth Cave, etc. It has this year enjoyed a larger share of public favor than ever before, and is now being visited by thousands of tourists, sight-seers and excursionists, who sometimes stay just long enough to gratify their curiosity, its remarkable fitness as a resting-place being by most of them entirely ignored. In fact, most of the natural conditions of repose exist here in perfection, and "to one who hath been long in city pent" the sight of these towering cliffs that shut out all of the world he has left, except the blue sky above, and the sound of these gently lapsing waters, conduce more than anything, at least in my lotus-eating experience, to that blissful sense of rest by which body and mind alike are refreshed. Such were the "lazy" conditions, Spenser tells us, in that house of Morpheus, where

"The more to lull him in his slumber soft, A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down, Mix'd with a murmuring wind, much like the sound Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon."

Upon these portals, which seem the gateway to some region of enchantment, might well be inscribed, "Ye who enter here leave all care behind." One thinks inevitably of what a secure retreat and playground this glen would have been for Pan and his retinue, or better, Diana and her sylvan train; for I venture to assert her nymphs never bathed their glistening limbs in lovelier pools than these, carved as roundly and smoothly out of the solid rock as though by the cunning hand of the artist.

Lavish as was nature's dower of beauty, however, among these hills, much was left for man's art and enterprise to do to make it available, and the erection of the Glen Mountain House on the slope of the ridge, through which the glen has penetrated, and within a few steps of its shadowy cloistered solitudes, was certainly a happy inspiration. It stands at an elevation of fourteen hundred feet above the sea level, thus securing immunity in the summer months, from the oppressive heats of the valley, while above it the wooded mountain stretches at least two hundred feet higher, from whose summit a gorgeous panorama of land and water, extending for twenty miles and more, is unrolled to the view, the silvery sheen of Seneca Lake and its rounded hills, clothed with forest or dotted with farms and villages, of course forming the most conspicuous feature. This view, or a nearer one from the observatory in the cemetery just above the lake, no visitor should omit taking. The surroundings of the Glen House are thus seen to be of the most picturesque character, while, as I learned from my pleasant week's experience, everything within doors has been done to meet the reasonable wants of its guests and to render their tarrying there, whether long or short, a comfortable one.—H. O. M. in Home Journal.

French and English Dressing.

There is great uniformity in fashionably-dressed English girls, great exaggeration and great dollishness. They strike the foreign eye as a set of *poisses merveilles*, completely in the hands of the dressmaker, who attires them according to the latest prints of the fashions. The sameness of the style observable out of doors rapidly surfeits the eye. Poke bonnets and sensationally trimmed hats, however prettily "tossed up" by the modiste, torment the vision in a few days. They are too pronounced to please for any length of time. A French woman only wears strongly accented head gear when she can afford to vary it often, and to go about in a carriage. The, as the Italians say, *caricatura* in dress should be ephemeral, and elegance should descend to unobtrusive simplicity when it is obliged to take three-penny rides in a great city. The incongruity of a stylishly dressed young lady, whether married or single, riding in a bus, forces itself unpleasantly on the notice of the eye fresh from Paris. Just now the Parisienne merely aims at passing in a crowd, unobserved on a special occasion when *chic* is required. Then she is dazzling, and her clever spirit permeates everything she wears. She is coquettish rather than dollish, and the minutest attention is paid to details. There is no such thing in her sumptuous arrangement as a false note. Her port is admirable, and she steps forward with graceful decision and manages well her hands and arms.

Our Homes.

"Let us understand," says Emerson, "that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands free under the sun and moon and to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to true and good persons—a hall which shines with sincerity, but never tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept."

The house is the staple which fastens us to the world. It expresses the first step—the unit of social organization. It is the place where we take off our masks and disguises, and seem most nakedly what we are. It is the retreat where we shut out the storm and the weather, and shut in friendship and love. We shall build it better some day, and gain a more just conception of its sacred relations, its mobility and human character, its sympathy with the soil, and its finer uses. Even now we may well say (changing the couplet by a single word),

"Earth proudly wears this parthenon As the best gem upon her zone."

Light burdens long borne grow heavy.

How to Remove Stumps.

The editor of the Michigan *Farmer* describes the method of using giant powder for clearing out large stumps, with the cost and results:

Going on a little further we met Mr. John Carpenter, with an ordinary market basket upon his arm in which were his cartridges, like long, yellow-colored thick candles about an inch and a half in diameter, about a dozen in number, and a coil of fuse that looked like a piece of thin twisted wire cord. He had a box of gun-caps also, which fitted upon the end of the fuse. At a distance was a man who seemed to be poking around the stumps with a spade, and who had what appeared to be a straight iron crowbar with a chisel-shaped point and a broad head on the other end. After examining the stump and deciding upon the right place for the charge upon the right side, and then drove it as deep as he thought necessary in a sloping direction under the stump with a mail. The rule is to get the charge as close up to the wood as possible, and about the centre. This man made the hole; Mr. Carpenter followed with his basket and his tamper. He first found the depth of the hole by his tamper; then he took the cartridge and putting it in the hole, which remained while he gently slid the cartridge into the hole, pushing it to the bottom with the tamper. He then pushed two or three small pieces of soft mould or earth down to the cartridge, pressing it lightly; he next tamped the hole full of earth, and lighting a match set the fuse on fire. We all stood back then about ten feet across with a firm hold on the clay fence, and looked as if it might last, if undisturbed, for the next hundred years. All at once we saw that stump rise out of the ground, a puff of smoke followed, some splinters and a loud sound as of cracking timber came out of its centre, and from the side where the cartridge had been put in there was a final puff of air for about fifty feet.

The whole operation was repeated over and over with the same results. In less than an hour there were ten stumps blown up in this way. On examining the stumps after the explosion we found many of them split in three and four sections, and so cut up that it was light work for the oxen to haul them out and draw them to the heap for burning. The powder had left a hole or chamber in the stump, and it was not very deep, but it afforded room to get all the roots, which it was necessary to cut out. The cartridges were in half pound ones, and cost at the rate of 50 cents per pound. One cartridge will take an ordinary two foot stump, but when one of these stiff, three or four foot stumps are encountered, from two to three cartridges are used.

Coal Tar for Potato Bugs.

Coal tar water will kill potato bugs. This is worth repeating and remembering. Coal tar lacks many of the qualities which characterize Paris green, the now so universal refuge, and is therefore just so much more valuable. The perils of having such a poison as Paris green about and in a family are great, and with more use and a growing carelessness, the result will be every year worse, probably, until the use of it will have to be made a matter of restrictive legislation. It is so with almost every dangerous thing. Until we make a law regulating his use of it, man is willing to forget it has any dangers.

The chances with regard to Paris green are several. It may be flooded off by a sudden rain into some water supply, and so prove deadly. It may be blown from potato patches upon lettuce, beet-tops, strawberries and other eatable things, and more than one genius engaged in agriculture is not above the level of experimenting with it on those things. The law of ignorance and carelessness playing among six million farmers has got to find some way to get the Paris green to rest on tables, and cause fatal results. Here are the outright dangers, besides the possibility of children getting at the stuff, but there is another phase of danger of Paris green just beginning to develop itself which has not had much attention yet. This is the old poison that we are associated with in informal terms. Paris green is becoming as much a part of a farm outfit as corn meal or plaster. It is easy to get at and is within reach of all who incline to suicide. Two attempts—one successful—have been made in Hartford within a week to commit suicide with this substance, and similar stories are reported all about. It is inevitable. The way to stop this sort of thing is to remember that coal-tar water will kill the bugs, while it is not an engine of suicide.

To avoid sore shoulders on your horse, bathe them with strong salt water each night after removing the harness. If you commence two weeks before spring plowing, all the better. This is an infallible preventive and an excellent cure. By cutting a slit lengthwise of the collar, where the harness fits, and removing the stuffing, you may soften a collar where it galls the shoulder without injuring the collar. In buying a collar be careful to select one that is of the same solidity in all its parts and on both sides. The best collar pad is made by stuffing an old coat sleeve with hay, having as little hay as possible come under the harness.—Practical Farmer.

The swiftest railroad trains are run in England, according to the German Government report, a speed of fifty miles an hour being common between London and Dover, London and York, and London and Hastings. Trains go at forty-two miles an hour on one of the Belgian lines. The fastest in France and Germany do not often exceed forty, and in other European countries thirty is the maximum.

Zulu Mock Battles.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, when he made a tour in South Africa some years ago, visited the country of the Zulus, and among the honors shown him was a military review and mock battle. The latter is thus described: Chief Goza gave the signal, and the evolutions began with one of the regiments marching rapidly with a leaping movement toward the spectators, sending forth at the same time a perfect hurricane of shrieks and yells. Thus they rushed up to the very feet of the prince, then retreated, still keeping their faces toward him; they advanced again, springing aloft with great brute-like bounds, knelt, coughed, hid themselves behind their shields, lay still as death, sprang up into the air with startlingly sudden cries, brandishing their spears and drumming their shields with knee and foot. At last the signal was given for sighting the enemy and the charge, and away they went still in line, but with a sort of passionate pulse of movement rather than in a march, raging, yelling, gnashing their teeth, like so many panthers eager for blood. At another sign from Goza the charge became a retreat, and in the most perfect order the line changed face. The shields were slung round to the back, and a compact wall of hard-bound hide was thus presented to the pursuing foe. As the men fled they changed their cries to loud, serpent-like hisses, as if to warn those who chased them that they were deadly if too closely pressed upon. Each regiment in its turn displayed its ability to be terrible. Then all united in a more complicated performance. The different regiments charged each other, looked themselves up in folds, slid through each other's ranks, undid the tangle and rushed into line, each man quivering with suppressed emotion, the whole three thousand feeling as one. There they stood, facing each other for a moment, as if only held by a leash. Goza gave the signal, the leash was slipped, and with redoubled yells the regiments became a frantic mob, each man hurling himself forward and upward with a fury that seemed to turn every feather and ornament on his body into instruments of war. The braves had become fiends; their passion was madness. Goza seemed at once to comprehend that the line of danger had now been reached. He rushed between the ranks, striking the shields of the foremost and most frantic with his sword with such force as to make the leather chips fly into the air. Probably it was all acting, but if so it was the opinion of all that it was brilliantly done. The last scene was as singular as any. After two hours' hard sham fighting, and when the regiments had formed to march off and were chanting in a low monotone, about a hundred women, clad only in a scanty girle of beads, came running with prying looks and bent forms about the field. They were savage in their aspect and armed with short, heavy, large-headed clubs. Every man all then they stopped and aimed heavy blows upon the earth, and as they did so screamed with triumph. Their task was to kill the wounded.

Women and Gamblers.

It is an old story that women often try their luck on Wall Street. They shouldn't, of course, but they do. And, as a rule, they fare just as the innocents do come out short. The new style of gambling down there, the kind carried on in what the regular brokers call "bucket shops," is the favorite thing with the fair sex. It looks so like a sure thing that they are very easily caught by it. A "bucket shop" is a place where you can speculate on a margin as low as five dollars. There's a pool of twenty or thirty, all unknown to each other, perhaps, and the broker operates for all and divides the profits, if there is any, private. His own commission is the only sure thing in the scheme. A woman who gave \$500 to one of the bucket-shop men some time ago, to make a fortune for her, yanked him into court the other day to give an account of his stewardship. When she called for the fortune, he presented a sheet of paper covered all over with figures, and the only thing she could make out was that her money was gone and she was in the broker's debt. Her first impulse was to murder him with a five-dollar sun umbrella, but she restrained herself, as women always do in such cases, and got a lawyer to collar him instead. That looks very much like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, but she said she was bound to get satisfaction, even if it cost her another \$500. The oldest case of female stock gambling I know of, is that of an up-town woman, who persuaded a broker of her acquaintance to buy her 100 shares of Lake Shore on a five per cent margin. That is, she gave him \$500 to carry the stock with. He advised her to let it alone, but she insisted and he bought the stock. Instead of going up, the infernal thing went down, and was finally sold at a loss of \$800. And what do you suppose the broker did? Why, he went and handed the woman back her \$500 and stood the whole loss himself. That's the sort of broker I should like to patronize, but perhaps he wouldn't be so off-handed with me as he was with a handsome and decidedly stylish woman, young enough to have mischief in her eyes.—New York Letter.

A child thinks the stars blossom on the trees; when he climbs to the tree-top, he fancies they cluster on the spire; he finds, to reach them, he must leave the earth and go to heaven.—Scrap-book.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

CRAMPS, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, SOUR STOMACH, Diarrhoea and Dysentery, are speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It removes all soreness of the Bowels, quiets the Stomach, restores its action, and is a family remedy for many Affections of the Bowels, prevalent among children and adults in the Summer months, it is especially recommended, being prompt in its operation, perfectly safe, and easily administered.

THE AETNA WARM MINERAL SPRINGS.

SITUATED 16 MILES EAST OF ST. JOSEPH, IN POPE VALLEY, ST. JOSEPH CO., IND. These waters closely resemble the Hot Springs of Germany, and are highly beneficial in many cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, General Debility, Bronchitis, and Pulmonary Complaints in their early stages. See pamphlet descriptive of analysis and cures, at the office of J. A. HANSEN, Esq., Chemist and Apothecary, No. 101 Post street, San Francisco.

Board and Baths \$10 per Week.
WM. A. LIDELL, Proprietor.
The Aetna Springs stage will leave the Palace Hotel, St. Helena, Tuesday and Saturdays at 6:30 A. M. Fare \$2.

Climby The Photographer.

914 Market St., near the Baldwin, San Fran. Send stamp for sample. Cabinet Photograph free.

THE CITY ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, IS THE brightest, spiciest and liveliest paper published on the coast, and the leading weekly of the Metropolis. All the leading sensations, portraits of prominent men, and all the events of the day, are given in a full and interesting manner. Extra inducements offered to postmasters and clubbers. Sample copies free. Address, Argus Publishing Company, 214 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing SALT RHEUM and other skin diseases.

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A weekly religious and family paper. The oldest on the Pacific Coast.
Established 1851.
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Importer of Fine French, English and American Paper Hangings. The Newest Productions of the Leading Manufacturers constantly arriving.

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Dealer in all kinds of Shade Material and Trimmings. Agent for the Self-Adjusting Spring Shade Rollers. Also, French and English Blinds, and all kinds of Window Shades for Private Residences a specialty. G. W. CLARK, 645 Market Street, San Francisco.

CONCORD CARRIAGES.

REMOVAL.
The Concord Carriage Repository has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to the Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord" Harness, and all kinds of Carriage and Harness Trimmings, will be constantly kept on hand for sale at the lowest prices.

N. CURRY & BRO

SOLE AGENTS
FOR THE
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FOR CALIFORNIA, OREGON, ARIZONA, NEVADA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND IDAHO.

Also, Agents for W. W. GREENE'S Double-Loading DOUBLE GUNS; and all kinds of GUNS, RIFLES and PILLS made by the leading Manufacturers of England and America. AMMUNITION of all kinds, in quantities to suit.

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VASES, FLOWER POTS, FIRE BRICKS, &c.
213, 1310 & 1312 MARKET ST. S.F.
MANUFACTORY AT LINCOLN, CAL.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

HARNESS!

And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.
Double Harness, \$15 to \$25 per set; Single Harness, \$10 to \$15 per set; Single Buggy Harness, \$5 to \$10 per set; Side Saddle, \$5 to \$10 each; Buggy Whip, \$1.50 to \$2.50 each; Two-horse Harness, \$25 to \$35 per set; Horse Collar, \$2 to \$4 per set; Horse Strap, \$1 per set; Snake Whip, \$1 per set; Horse Collar, \$2 to \$4 per set; Bridle, \$1 to \$2 per set; Saddle, \$15 to \$25 each; Collar, \$2 to \$4 per set; California hand forged Hubs and Spurs, \$2 to \$4 each to \$10. Can furnish the names of ranchmen in every county in the State who have had their orders satisfactorily filled by freight or express. Send for price list to W. DAVIS, 421 Market St., San Francisco.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH

\$2 per gallon.
T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

ST. GEORGE HOTEL.

Just Opened. On the European Plan.
812 Kearny Street, S. F.

(Near Old City Hall.) Meals served in first-class hotel style, of great variety and good quality, at all hours of the day, for twenty-five cents. Steak and coffee fifteen cents; coffee and cake ten cents. Rooms from 25 cts. to \$1.00 per night, as per size and location. Board per week, \$4. Rooms and board \$20 to \$25.00.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS

Breech-Loading Shot Guns, \$20 to \$200. Double Shot Guns, \$18 to \$100. Single Guns, \$8 to \$20. Rifles, \$10 to \$75. Revolvers, \$1 to \$25. Send stamp for Price List. GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PHOSPHATE SOAP

THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong deodorizing qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but all are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

A superb article for the toilet, beneficial to the skin, giving it a soft, velvety appearance, and leaving a soothing, pleasant sensation after use, imparting a healthy, natural and lasting beauty to the complexion. It eradicates the poisonous effects of cosmetics; preventing skin diseases by acting as a constant purifier and disinfectant; if used constantly will cure skin diseases of long standing; is superior to any other article for bathing infants; cleansing and healing for all eruptions on the scalp or face of children; good for the teeth; produces a soft, creamy lather, nicely adapted to shaving or shampooing, removes dandruff, and gives health to the scalp without injuring the hair.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the dirt which is avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

TESTIMONIALS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1897.
Gentlemen:
I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, Pruritus, the other an Eczema, and both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
128 O'Farrell St.

To the Standard Soap Company.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1897.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.

C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 O'Farrell street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1897.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNNCH,
518 Haight street.

OAKLAND, CAL., AUG. 1, 1897.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,
1016 Kirkham street.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

STANDARD SOAP CO.,
204 Sacramento St., S. F.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., OCT. 4, 1879

WILL NOT DOWN.

Immediately after the shooting of Kalloch by Chas. De Young, it was predicted by a great many that the *Chronicle* would lose the prestige it had gained by pluck and energy, and would henceforth be a losing instead of a paying investment. This opinion was not formed by those holding it without reason. It was noticed that it daily lost whole columns of advertisements, and the rapidity with which the people were having their names canceled from its subscription list were sure signs that if these things were kept up the *Chronicle* must die. But the *Chronicle* had no idea of dying. Its proprietors knew that despite its black-mailing and sensational style it was still a better paper than the non-committal, *Fatuning Call*, and they also knew that the people of California were of the same opinion. They had the sense to see that by dropping the abusive style in which they so long run their paper, they could still occupy the first place in California journalism, and they immediately did so. The arrival of Grant furnished them the opportunity of obtaining a kindly recognition from those who had so lately given them a kick, and they wisely embraced it. The *Chronicle's* account of the arrival and reception of the distinguished citizen was more complete in every respect than all the other dailies together, and knowing that he was the especial object of the love and admiration of the Republican party, its political editorials were decidedly on that side. It dropped its hoodlum style, determined to be respectable, and has compelled recognition from all classes. The *Chronicle* has made many mistakes since its start, but it has profited in a greater or less degree by every one of them. Had the *Chronicle* a bold, vigorous and high-toned opponent in San Francisco its fight would be a hard one, but as long as the present state of things remains, the *Chronicle* will always be on top.

The Grant party have been in Yosemite this week.

A six days walking match commenced at San Francisco on Wednesday evening of this week. There were thirty-nine starters.

Excuse us, but didn't there once live in this State a man by the name of Kearney? It has been so long since we heard anything of him, that we think he must be dead.

In the examination of the Roddens at Wheatland for the assault on Ida Dunn and Cora Heslep nothing new is being brought to light, and it looks as though the mystery will remain such for some time to come.

Ben Butler's chances are improving in the race for the Governorship of Massachusetts. According to the old rule that nothing is impossible to a person who has the pluck and energy to stick to it a sufficient length of time, the man with the bias eyes ought to get in this time.

From the manner in which Tilden is being attacked by all of the leading papers and members of the Republican party it is evident that they fear him more than any one man in the Democratic ranks. As we heard a man remark the other day, they are afraid, if Tilden gets the Presidency, that a large number of them will have to break rock for a term of years.

The strikers on the Nevada Central Railroad between Austin and the C. P. R. R. have resumed work. They now get \$1 25 a day and board, with the privilege of working every day in the month, if they desire to do so. There are 100 men employed and about that number of horses. Track-laying has commenced and will soon go forward at the rate of half a mile a day. It is expected that the road will be completed by next February.

The Bedford, Pa., *Gazette* says: All that the stalwarts can now prate about is a solid North against a solid South. This kind of talk is calculated to establish a political as well as geographical line in the country and create a bitter sectional feeling. The men who are at the head of this mischief are against the Union and are opposed to live in harmony with all sections of the country. They are the real disunionists. They can be nothing else.

A Glowing Tribute.

In a recent letter to this paper Maj. O'Farrell, our Georgia correspondent spoke of the eloquent address of Judge O. A. Lochrane, delivered at the commencement exercises of the University of Georgia, at Athens, before the Literary Societies. The address closed with the following glowing tribute to the great State of the orators' adoption: "Come, spirit of our Empire State of the South; come from our rivers that seek the sea, and from the waves that wash your shores and run up to kiss your sands. Come from the air that floats over your mountain tops. Come from the lakes where the pearls lie hid, and cover where the gems are sleeping. Come, spirit of a glorious ancestry, from beyond the cedars and stars. Come from the history that wraps you in its robes of light, and let me invoke the memories that hang around you like the mantle of Elijah, and will be the ascension robes of your new destiny. Touch the chords in these young hearts, these proud representatives of your future fame, that they may rise in the majesty of their love and clasp you with a stronger and holier faith, and raise monuments to your glory higher than the tower of Babel. Let them swear around the altar to be still prouder and still prouder that they are Georgians. As an adopted son who has felt the sunshine of your skies, who has been honored with your citizenship, and with positions far beyond his merits, I bow to the majesty of your glory here in the temple of your fame, and to your spirit I would breathe out the fondest affection, and pour prayers upon your pathway. I would clothe you with light and bathe you in a rain of Summer meteors. I would crown your head with laurels, and place the palm of victory in your hands. I would lift every shadow from your heart, and make rejoicing go through your valleys like a song. Land of my adoption, where the loved sleep folded in the embrace of your flowers, would that today it were my destiny to increase the flood-tide of your glory, as it will be to share your fortune. For when my few more years tremble to their close, I would sleep beneath your soil, where the drip of April tears might fall upon my grave, and the sunshine of your skies would warm Southern flowers to blossom on my breast.

Polygamy and the Land Laws.

WASHINGTON, September 30.—An interesting decision has just been made by Acting Secretary Bell of the Interior Department in the case of Hugh Lyons against Rachel Stevens of Salt Lake City, involving the question of the right of these persons to a section of land in the Salt Lake City Land District. The claim of Lyons is rejected on the ground that the tract was not subject to pre-emption or settlement by him. Rachel Stevens it appears is one of the several wives of John G. Holman, whom she recognizes as her husband and he, to all intents and purposes, governs and controls her acts. The decision holds that in view of the polygamous condition, that if "the first polygamous wife while voluntarily retaining that illegal relation to a man, may in her own name obtain a title to 160 acres of public land the second or twentieth wife may do the same and the so-called husband would thus obtain for his own use and benefit control of that number of tracts of public land. This will not be permitted under the homestead or pre-emption laws. If the so-called wife," the decision continues, "shall repudiate the illegal relation and cease to violate the positive laws of her country and of the civilized world, the fact that she had at one time been called the wife of a polygamous man, and maintained that relation to him would not operate as a bar to her rights." No woman, however who voluntarily maintains and acknowledges her position to be that of a plural or polygamous wife, should be permitted to make homestead or pre-emption entry of the public lands as the "very fact that she returns such a relation is conclusive evidence that the entry is not made in good faith for her exclusive use and benefit.

Here is another "Southern outrage"—one which the Radical manipulators of the dispatches omitted to send to this Coast. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* gives it: "On Saturday the Governor pardoned the one-armed, one-legged negro, Andrew Gardner, sent up from Hickman for two years for murder. His old Tennessee master wrote to the Governor and agreed to take care of the negro the balance of his days."

China as Germany's Ally.

A remarkable article has appeared in the *Heutsche Heeres Zeitung*, a Berlin military journal of high standing entitled, "China the Natural Ally of Germany." The article seems to have been suggested by the possibility of a war breaking out between Germany and Russia in which case China would be of great assistance to the former. The military journal says: "The words we have chosen as the heading of our article sound somewhat fanciful it is true, but we undertake to show that they express an idea perfectly reasonable and which is justified by existing circumstances. The alliance of two States having common interests is a matter of course, and becomes firmer and more durable the more evident it is that the advantage of the one will not be attended with disadvantage to the other.

Applying this proposition to Germany and China it is not possible to imagine a case in which the interest of those Powers could clash; or indeed excepting in the case of a war of either with Russia, becoming connected. While however such a war would present serious difficulties to either if carried on single-handed—Germany at any rate could spare only a portion of her forces for it—united action would greatly diminish the danger and an alliance must therefore be mutually advantageous. In consequence of the enormous distances separating us from the Chinese Empire we are little conversant with its modern circumstances and the advantage of an alliance with it may therefore be easily underestimated. The China of to-day is no longer the country which nineteen years ago, in spite of her 450,000,000 inhabitants succumbed to a European army of but 25,000 men. At that time, clinging firmly in a spirit of haughty self-esteem to the customs and principles of antiquity it resolutely closed its gates to the culture and influence of the West. Now, however, instructed by its disastrous wars against the English and French, it is striving with all the natural gifts and zeal peculiar to the Mongolian race, to make up for lost time, and even to become the peer of the States of Europe. The progress made by China in this path particularly during the last ten years, is such as to excite our astonishment and to make it doubtful which side would be victorious, even in a war confined to that country and Russia.

A Sweep for Campaigning Uses.

The great issues to be agitated, discussed and determined in the portentous Presidential campaign of next year will have joined with them others of not small importance. Some of these will however, very likely be decided by the Supreme Court, before the campaign shall fairly open, and the after discussion must therefore be more in the line of fresh agitation to procure different results in future than of immediate effect upon the people. Among the cases which are to come before the Court, at the term commencing Monday, October 13th, mention is made of three concerning the constitutionality and scope of the Civil Rights Act, and three respecting the powers of the Federal District Courts, within States, in conflict with the State Courts. These last have grown out of the conduct of United States District Judges in Virginia, Western Virginia and Tennessee. Besides these cases in which the constitutionality of laws passed by Congress shall be definitely determined are others wherein the efficacy of commercial trademarks, in different States and abroad is involved. In political aspect, only those cases which affect the Federal Election Laws, the Civil Rights Act, and the power of the Federal Courts within States as against the State Courts will be of much weight and consequence; and they are important in community and individual points of view.—[Examiner.

Somebody once called disappointment "medicine for the soul." It is a good deal like castor oil—it may be wholesome; it certainly is disagreeable.

"What," asks a correspondent, cause the hair to come out? Before we answer we must know whether you are married or single. This is important to a true understanding of the case.

Salvador, an Indian, was hanged at San Rafael on Thursday, for the murder of Paul Reiger.

The exports from the United States for the year ending August 31st exceeded the imports \$289,709,341.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

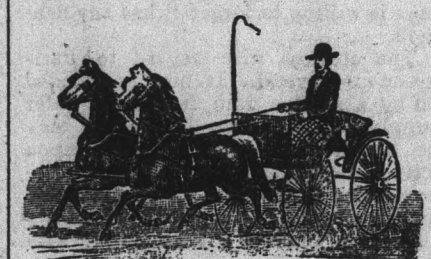
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WOOD AND WILLOW
WARE,
CROCKERY, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.**
Excelsior Block, Main St., Woodland.
sep27-M.

**CASTOR OIL FOR MACHINERY,
Winter Bleached Lard Oil,
RAW and BOILED LINED OIL,
BEST SAFETY KEROSENE,
Atlantic White Lead, Sulphur,
Blue Stone and
Washing Soda
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES, BY
WHITMORE & HIGGINSON,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND, CAL.**

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY of Yolo, State of California.
WALTER E. MARTIN vs. HIS CREDITORS.
Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent WALTER E. MARTIN, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court at the Court room of said Court, at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, on the
15th day of October, A. D. 1879,
at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.
Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 11th day of September, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk.
C. H. Garoutte, Atty. for Petitioner. sel3-td

CITY LIVERY STABLE.



SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors.

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

SMITH & WHITE.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

**WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,**

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP BY H. P. MARTIN, AT HIS PLACE near Woodland, one bay mare and two yearling colts. No mark or brands, but one colt has a white foot and star in forehead. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. sep20-23

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & CO.,
37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

**Agricultural
Implements.**

AGENTS FOR THE

**Mitchell Wagons,
Weyrich Headers,
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,**

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, ETC.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m Geo. O. BATES.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

Subscribe for the STANDARD, the best and CHEAPEST newspaper published in Yolo county—\$2 per year

WOODLAND

STANDARD,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, Editor and Prop'r.

THE STANDARD

Job Office

IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH A

LARGE ASSORTMENT

—OF—

PLAIN AND

Ornamental

JOB TYPE

—FOR PRINTING—

BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
VISITING CARDS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
PROGRAMMES, Etc., Etc.

All descriptions of Job Work at San Francisco prices.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK.....Main St. Woodland

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
One Year—In advance.....\$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The County Court will convene in regular session on Monday next, Oct. 6th.

The very best safety kerosene oil for sale at Whittemore & Higginson.

W. H. Martin, of Colusa, will commence a protracted meeting at the Christian Church, Woodland, to-morrow (Sunday) at 11 o'clock.

Some predictions are being made that wheat will go to 2 cents within a month. 1.75 in the hand is worth 2 cents in the prediction.

Wild geese and weather prophets are becoming numerous, and you can learn all about the weather by paying close attention to them.

Dr. B. F. Clark, of Chico, has been in Woodland this week. The Doctor reports business as very good in his line in Chico and vicinity.

S. A. Howard shipped five car loads of fine hogs from the Woodland depot this week. Pork is cheap now—being worth between 2 and 3 cents on foot.

There are indications that there will be a war in this country in about 20 years. The preponderance of boys in the births announced in this country lately is great.

Stubble is being burned by the farmer in all parts of the county at the present time, and in the evening the heavens are lit up with a lurid glare in all directions.

Mr. L. Charnak, of the firm of Charnak & Levy, went to the Bay yesterday for the purpose of securing a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods. Look out for their new advertisement next week.

We have heard it rumored that an endeavor will be made to organize a dancing school in Woodland this winter. We have a splendid hall for such things, and it ought to be used a good deal more than it is.

We have been handed the reports of the standing of scholars of the Woodland Public School for publication, but as they have been published in the other papers, and take up a large amount of space, we decline to publish them.

We asked Pard Fenner for a subject for an editorial this week, and he gave us the following: "When a candle is extinguished, where does light end and darkness begin?" It is too much for us, having always lived in a country where they burned gas.

Go to Elston's Drug Store for your Bluestone.

It would be well for those wishing appointments under the new State administration to apply soon as the patience of the officers elect is about exhausted. There are only about 199 applicants for each place, and it is thought that after the 200th man applies, all further applicants will be treated to the pants and neck act.

SOCIAL BALL.—On Wednesday 15th inst. a ball will be given at Langville, by John Doty. As everybody in this part of the county knows who John Doty is, there is no need of telling. His name as manager is a guarantee that the dance will be a success. The Ellis String Band has been engaged, and the tickets, including supper are placed at \$2.50.

J. A. Oliver, who lives four miles west of Woodland, lost a horse last week, and notified Sheriff Barney. The Sheriff soon heard of a horse of the description given by Mr. Oliver, being on the road to Lake county, in charge of a man whom he suspected of being the thief. He telegraphed to Lakeport for the authorities to detain him, and went up this week, and found his suspicions to be correct. He returned with the man, who gave his name as John Hoffman, yesterday.

DEER NUMEROUS.—Deer are getting numerous in the foot-hills. A scarcity of feed or some other cause, sending them down from the mountains. Nearly every hunting party that goes out returns with several, and they do not seem to be getting scarce. One day this week Matt Howard, who was riding horseback on Chas. Coll's ranch near the sink of Cache Creek, came suddenly upon a deer that was lying in the shade of a clump of willows. Matt started after it, and headed it several times, but it reached the brush and escaped.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Yesterday as Charlie, the little son of Dr. Pinkham was playing near Perry's blacksmith shop he was kicked over by a horse tied under the shed, and narrowly escaped serious injury. It seems that a kitten with which he was playing ran just behind the horse, and Charlie was trying to catch it when the horse kicked at him, knocking him over but not seriously injuring him. His foot was then caught in some manner in the fence, and the horse kept beating a tattoo on the fence, just above the little fellow's head. By the aid of his little sister he managed to extricate his foot, and was released from his perilous position, with no further injury than a smashed toe, where it is supposed the horse's hoof struck him.

A fine deer was killed near Owens Springs last week by Mrs. W. W. Brownell, of Woodland who was on a hunting expedition in that vicinity. The lady, who knows how to handle a rifle, killed the deer off-hand, at a distance of 100 yards, at the first shot, putting the bullet right through the body. We return our thanks for a piece of the venison which was very fine. Mrs. Brownell succeeded in capturing more game on this trip than any of the gentlemen members of the party, and proved herself to be a splendid shot with both shot-gun and rifle.

What Woodland Needs.

Although Woodland is a thriving town there are a great many things that would add greatly to its advantages as a place of residence, and they could nearly all be had at a small outlay of capital if the necessary amount of enterprise and energy could be brought to bear on the case.

In the first place we need a good hall, large enough to seat comfortably 600 or 700 people, with a neat stage and appropriate scenery, where it will be a pleasure to pass an evening at any entertainment which might be given. Washington Hall is plenty large enough, and could be put in a condition that would make it second to no country hall in the State; but it should have a new set of scenery, drop curtain, etc., and the rusty old benches replaced with something more neat and comfortable. It would not cost much to make these changes.

In the second place the town of Woodland should own the Library now conducted by the ladies, a room should be secured in the second story of some building near the business centre of the town, where the Library could be made more attractive, and it would soon be a place of resort for persons who would now gladly avail themselves of its privileges if it were not so conspicuously public.

Another of Woodland's wants is a new school building. The present building is full to overflowing, and the primary departments occupies a couple of dingy rooms under Washington Hall, on Main street, in close proximity to saloons, etc., a state of things that should not be. Woodland school district is abundantly able to build another building, and it should be done as soon as possible. It should not be less than two stories in height, and should contain at least four good-sized rooms.

After these improvements are made we want a few more good sidewalks like the one on the south side of Main street, and then the streets should be graded, a little better than they now are and some of them need a coat of gravel.

If these few improvements could be made our thriving town would be much more attractive to visitors, and more people could be induced to make it their home than is now the case.

Cigars in any quantity and at any price at Elston's.

Sam Patch.

An inquiry has been going the rounds of the press as to what became of Sam Sam Patch, the famous jumper, who won such great distinction before the late war, by leaping from high elevations, over waterfalls, etc., in the Eastern States. A gentleman in this county says there was a man killed by the explosion of the boiler of the steamer "McClellan," about 3 miles below Knight's Landing on the Sacramento river, August 25th, 1862, whose name was Aaron Lealand. This man went by the name of Sam Patch, but whether it was the once-famous jumper, deponent sayeth not. As the whereabouts of Sam Patch at the time of his death is a matter of some doubt, we give the above to the public, as it may tend to solve the mystery.

Convention Notes.

The different choruses throughout the county will please take notice that the "Star Spangled Banner" will be given as a solo by Miss Fredericks during the Musical Festival, and they need not drill themselves on any part of that selection except the chorus.

The Woodland Chorus have changed their time of meeting to Tuesday night. This was done for the reason that the Orchestra is compelled to have two rehearsals a week, one of their evenings being Monday.

Choruses have been formed at Dunnigan, Cacheville, Davisville, Madison, and Capay, and Knight's Landing and Winters will be organized next week.

A chorus was organized at Madison on Tuesday night of this week, several persons from Woodland being present.

The Woodland Orchestra, under the direction of W. B. Treadwell, is now holding two rehearsals a week, preparing for the Musical Festival, at which we expect to hear it render some splendid music.

A Beautiful Woman Hung herself on her husband's neck and implored him to smoke Bumble Bee.

At Liverpool Thursday wheat was quoted at 9s 10d @ 10s 8d for average California wheat, and 10s 9d @ 11s 2d for club.

Attorney General Hamilton has given as his opinion that the present county officers will continue to hold their respective places till the 4th of March—or until the expiration of their regular terms.

The Mail prints a number of extracts from Southern papers to show that the shooting of Dixon by Barksdale is condemned in the South, and then accuses the Southern people of justifying the shooting. The Mail is just about as consistent as the Record-Union.

Arthur Burne has nearly completed a new depot for the Central Pacific Railroad Company at Sacramento which is 400 feet long and 80 feet wide, in which all the Sacramento railroad business will hereafter be conducted. It will be ready for occupancy in a few days—about the time the big steamer Solano is ready to take her place on the route between Benicia and Martinez.

HOLD-OVER SENATORS.

Considerable discussion has been indulged in lately by the press of this State as to the probability of the 20 hold-over Senators, legislated out of office by the New Constitution, making an effort to occupy their seats at the convening of the Legislature in January. It has been announced that a meeting of the Senators had been held, and that they have agreed upon a plan of action. That the Clerk of the Senate, in making up the roll, will place thereon the 20 hold-overs, and the names of the 20 from the districts in which the Senatorial term has expired. Some of the papers have refused to believe that any such meeting was held, and have treated the whole thing as an idle rumor. Wishing to get the facts of the case we called on Senator John Lambert yesterday morning, and from him learned that such a meeting had been held, and were shown a letter he had received from Senator Murphy of San Francisco, from which we are permitted to copy the following extract:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25, 1879.
HON. JOHN LAMBERT, Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the hold-over Senators held in this city on the above date at which there was ten hold-over Senators present it was decided after due consultation with Legal Counsel that there is no provision in the New Constitution which legislates us out, and that we are entitled to serve for the term for which we have been elected, viz: Four years from December 1877 as per certificate on file in the office of the Secretary of State at the oath we have taken. I am instructed to inform you that there will be another meeting of the hold-over Senators held in this city on the 25th day of October 1879 at 2 o'clock at the Palace Hotel to perfect arrangements for the contest and if you cannot make it convenient to attend in person you will please send a letter to my address informing us if you are willing to assist in the contest. That is if you will join us in the city of Sacramento on the date of the meeting of the Legislature and jointly with us claim the seats we are entitled to.
Yours very truly,
J. C. MURPHY.

This settles the question as far as the intentions of the hold-over Senators are concerned, and the meeting of the Legislature only will determine the result. That it was the intention of the framers of the New Constitution to legislate the hold-over Senators out of office there is not much doubt, but as to whether they have done so, and if so whether they had a right, are questions that will have to be determined by the Senate itself, as both the old and new Constitutions make that body the sole judges of the qualifications of its own members.

Winters Items.

WINTERS, Oct. 3, 1879.
Bilious fever is quite prevalent in the surrounding country and Pleasant Valley, yet, thus far, it readily succumbs to treatment. Many of those who visited the mountains enjoying the hunting of quail and deer, as well as drinking mineral water, are disgusted to find themselves attacked with this disease.

Our fellow citizen, Bob Spaulding, returned this week after a two day's hunt, with five deer—vicing with nimbrod the excitement of the chase.

The roads, especially those leading to Monticello, are badly cut up and very dusty. We can stand the dust however, when we are getting the wheat stored in our warehouses direct from Berryessa Valley.

Steve Howard and Jep. Jeans will ship three car loads of hogs to-day from our depot. Hogs are very cheap and there are quite a number of buyers.

The case of the People vs. Roberts, in the Hyatt case of assault and battery, was called for trial last Thursday, and owing to defendants claiming that an impartial jury could not be found in this community to try him, it was transferred to Madison, and the case set for two weeks from next Monday. District Attorney Garoutte was in attendance for the prosecution and R. Clark for the defense.

The Hutchinson Family will appear in the Methodist Church next Wednesday night, the proceeds to be for the benefit of the Methodist Church and the "Winters Library Association." This Association is starting off with great prospects—all its members being energetic.

If Congress wants to reduce the army at its next session it should make the necessary laws for the appointment of a few thousand more Indian agents. The course the agents are pursuing toward the red men is doing more to reduce the army effectually than Congress could possibly do in the same time.

Nearly \$8,000,000 was paid out of the Treasury at Washington during September on account of pension arrears.

The New Indian War.

The reader must not confound this affair with one similar to it told by the telegraph a few days ago. That was an account of a fight between the troops and the reservation Apaches in New Mexico. This affair of Major Thornburg was with the Utes of Colorado near the White River Agency. It will be remembered that sometime in June or July last the Utes, reduced by neglect of the Agent and hard usage to the point of starvation, were threatening hostilities; and the Government was warned of the danger that is now in course of realization. On the 19th of September, in fear of an outbreak, three companies were ordered to the agency, and the dispatches which told of this added that "serious charges are made against the Agent." The blow has at last been struck, and the troops have been badly worsted. It depends upon the celerity of the reinforcement ordered from Salt Lake whether they shall be relieved from the dangerous position they were in or starved out and butchered like Custer and his command at Rosebud three years ago.—[Chronicle.]

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis Variety Store.

A PROBLEM FOR MATHEMATICIANS.—"Want a problem?" said a well known civil engineer of this city to a Plaindealer reporter as the two met in Monument Park yesterday.

"What kind of a problem," queried the reporter suspecting that some political conundrum was about to be propounded.

"A mathematical problem; one that was given me a little while ago—a good one."

"Yes."
"Well, take out your paper," and as the civil engineer directed the reporter wrote down the following problem, which we submit to the study of our mathematically inclined readers:

"Suppose an army twenty-five miles long in line of march. A courier starts from the rear in the morning and goes to the front. Returning he arrives at the point where the head of the column was when he started from the rear just as the rear comes up. Required, the distance traveled by the courier.—[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's.

Cheapened Telegraphy.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has determined to make a reduction in the rate of transportation of messages, by which one of not more than ten words will be dispatched between any of its offices in the United States for not more than \$2. The reduced schedule has not yet gone into effect, as has been erroneously announced, but is to do so on the 1st of November next. It will be of special benefit to correspondents between points on the Pacific and Atlantic Coasts, the lowest rates hitherto having been \$2.50 for a message not exceeding ten words. Another even greater benefit inuring to the Pacific Coast alone is that about seventy-five per cent of its telegraphic offices are made half-rate ones, instead of as heretofore only a few of the more principal ones. By the half-rate system a telegram left for transmission during the day or evening will be dispatched after the close of the regular business hours at one-half the schedule rates and delivered to its address the ensuing morning.

The celebrated Swift & Courtney matches, three large boxes for twenty-five cents at Whittemore & Higginson.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS, "Domestic" Fashion Parlor, San Francisco.

NOTICE.

We have this day sold the Grocery and Provision Department of our Store to Mr. C. B. Culver, and we respectfully solicit from our friends and former customers a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed upon us.
CHARMAK & LEVY.
WOODLAND, Sept. 25th, 1879.

Referring to the above I would respectfully announce to the public that in assuming control of this well known stand, I do so with the determination to retain all the old customers of the house and add many new ones, if strict attention to business and an earnest desire to please my patrons will secure this end. I shall endeavor to keep the best of goods, and sell them at low prices.
C. B. CULVER.
WOODLAND, Sept. 25th, 1879.

The Rise in Wheat.

The Mark Lane Express continues to report a gloomy prospect for English farmers. The condition of new grain has not improved since its previous review. The estimate now is that the wheat crop for the present year will be thirty per cent below the average. A natural result of the confirmation of the worst fears in regard to the new crop has been a rise in prices. Millers held off from purchasing as long as there was a hope the home crop would take a turn for the better; but that hope is now dispelled. There is no danger of famine prices, but the demand seems sufficient to secure a still further advance.

California tried to receive Grant without regard to politics. From the Eastern dispatches it is plain that his journey East is to be a grand Republican whoop-up, having for its result the nomination of the great captain for the third term.

The Philadelphia Mint, during August, coined 1,808,050 silver dollars.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

Great Bargains!

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E!

—DEALERS IN—

Mattresses, Etc.

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Grain,

Grain Bags, Sack Twine,

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W.D.COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....\$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 2.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewings, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.
KING, Photo.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it.
KING, Photo.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.
DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

Years Ago.

She was seated close beside me,
On a May-day, years ago:
Heart of mine you must not chide me,
I was but a boy, you know.
'Tis no secret, I'll reveal it,
Heart of mine, 'twas long ago:
This look of hair, if I did steal it,
I was but a boy, you know.
Was she pretty? Did I love her?
Heart of mine, 'twas long ago:
And that pang of bliss is over,
I was but a boy, you know.
"Was she rich?"—now that is funny.
Heart of mine, 'twas long ago:
What cared I for lands or money?
I was but a boy, you know.
"And you parted—how you missed her!"
Heart of mine, 'twas long ago:
"And you pressed her hand and kissed her,"
I was but a boy, you know.
Do I love her yet—O, olden,
Precious past, then heart of mine,
See, this look of hair is golden,
And the head that wore it—thine.

Chased by Coyotes.

All Californians who have ever traveled in our Golden State must have either seen or heard of coyotes. Therefore it will be unnecessary for me to give a minute description of the animal.

As a general thing they resemble the dog; are, however, smaller than a common-sized cur, and have a long, pointed nose; they are inveterate cowards and very rarely attack men, unless hard pressed by hunger.

Many a wearied miner has had his slumbers ruthlessly broken by the unearthly howlings of coyotes; and in his extreme indignation has seized his gun with the intention of putting an end to some of his tormentors, but sallied out only to see the whole pack scamper off.

However cowardly coyotes may usually be, I, for one, have just cause for bitter hatred for the animals, as I once had an adventure with them that came near costing me my life.

In the winter of '83 I was residing in one of our mountain towns, and often by way of recreation, would take my gun and go to a small stream, called Dry Creek, about three miles from the town, in pursuit of ducks—which article of game was very plenty there.

One afternoon I took my fowling-piece, and sought my usual haunt for ducks.

I was very fortunate, and before daylight had bagged more than I had anticipated; consequence was I ran out of powder. Inwardly upbraiding myself for not bringing more I started for home; by this time it was probably an hour after sunset.

It was a glorious night; the stars were out in all their brilliant magnificence; the moon soared high in the unclouded sky, affording me sufficient light to travel with ease.

I was charmed with the beauty of the evening, and was walking at a slow pace—humming snatches of tunes I had often heard from the lips of loved ones—when suddenly I heard the familiar howl of a coyote.

"Ah! my cowardly beast," I mentally ejaculated, "were you only within gun-shot, and I had my never-failing Old Tom (that was the name I always called my gun) loaded, I would send you into the middle of next week, making a different noise from that."

As I proceeded further, the howlings increased, and occasionally a coyote more bold than the rest would venture out of the thicket, take a good look at me and disappear.

"Supposing they should attack me now," thought I, "here in this desolate and lonesome place, with no powder to use in my defense." Pooh! I laughed at the idea. What coyotes attack a man? Those skulking devils, that throwing a stone at would drive away, ha! ha!

As I proceeded farther toward home, the howlings became more numerous, and gangs of two and three would cross my path at a distance of probably one hundred feet, and scamper off on my throwing a stone at them.

I was probably a mile and a half from where I had been hunting, when I noticed that the coyotes began to throw off their timidity, and would approach quite near me.

"Getting tame," thought I; "I undoubtedly know I am out of powder, and think to impress me with the idea that you are a courageous set of hounds. Oh! you can't come that game," and I threw a stone at a large, long-nosed fellow, which struck him on the head, and had a tendency to accelerate his movements.

Nearer and nearer the ugly things would come, till finally I noticed that some were following, at about fifty feet distance. Still this did not excite any suspicion that I was to be attacked.

I was now about half-way home, and began to feel uneasy as the pack had steadily increased until they numbered some twenty-five, all the while snapping, growling and fighting, and, you may imagine, making rather an unpleasant noise for a lone traveler, at night, and full a mile from any house.

Closer and closer they passed as I walked along, at rather a brisker pace than when I started; they seemed to really mean mischief by their actions.

I admit, a cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead; but still I would not admit that I was in danger. True, I had heard of instances where men had been killed by coyotes, but had never placed faith in such stories.

Snapping and growling like a lot of hungry dogs over a bone, the whole pack were following close upon my heels, and at every step they seemed to gain upon me, until they were within ten feet of me.

Turning round, I shouted with all my might and threw a handful of small stones at them, with the idea of fright-

ening them away; but it wouldn't do; they were not to be put to flight by either loud words or stones. Nearer and nearer they advanced, stretching out in the form of a semi-circle, and presenting a very formidable front. Occasionally one would make a feint as though to fasten his teeth in my leg. So bringing my gun from my shoulder, I used it as a sort of club in defense.

Grasping it by the barrels firmly, I would raise it over my head and bring it down with considerable force on the body of any coyote that would make a dash at me.

By this time they were very close to me; so close, in fact, that I could hit one every time I swung my gun; and now the startling fact broke upon my mind that I was the game they were after. I had heard of horrible adventures with wolves, and here was a species of animals equally as formidable as any wolves, and having as murderous intentions as any wolves ever had.

Oh! the terrible thought of being made food for this, at any other time, cowardly set of whelps! A thousand thoughts crowded through my mind. Home and friends, mother and loved ones whom I had left far away and journeyed to this land of gold only to meet an untimely end. I grew faint, and would have fallen, but the thought of my perilous position gave me strength and nerved my arm for the unequal contest.

With all the force I could muster, I swung my gun right and left, striking a coyote every time, but without any apparent effect; for as speedily as one would fall back, two or three would crowd in his place.

Some ten minutes I thus combated my terrible enemies, advancing backwards, for I had a dim hope that by this means I might reach the cabin of some miner, who would come to my rescue, and still the coyotes gave no signs of falling back. I grew weak and faint; I knew not why, but all hope seemed to have fled, and despair took possession of my soul.

My gun fell harmlessly from my hands, and was immediately trampled under foot by the coyotes. As if by instinct I took one long step backwards, when, heavens! the earth seemed to crumble under my feet. I felt myself going slowly, slowly, I knew not where. Was I being devoured by coyotes? I fainted.

When I regained my senses I found myself lying in the water at the bottom of an old shaft that had been sunk by some prospecting party, and which was probably thirty feet deep.

I could hardly believe my own senses. I really was alive and free from danger. No matter what predicament I was in now, I was removed from immediate death, and I felt thankful.

With the exception of a sprained ankle I sustained no injuries. The coyotes hovered round the mouth of the shaft until near morning, when they disappeared, no doubt very much disgusted with their night's sport.

Early next morning my loud cries attracted the attention of a party of miners on their way to work, when I was rescued from my damp bed, and you may imagine I felt grateful enough when I found myself once more surrounded by friends.—*Golden Era.*

Liszt's Playing.

An American lady, whose sister is taking lessons with Liszt, the world-renowned pianist, describes his playing. She writes:

I hinted to her that she should ask Liszt to play. She must have been astonished at my presumption, but nevertheless she asked him, and I guess he was none the less astonished.

At first, he did not understand, and asked, "You play something more to me?"

"No; you play something more to me, will you not? Something of your own, please." He laughed good-humoredly, and sat down on a stool, saying, "I am an old man; I cannot do anything now." Then he exclaimed, "Oh, this stool is too low!" and rose again.

Florence ran and placed the chair she had used for him, and he sat down and began. We came forward and listened throughout without stirring, almost without breathing, it seemed.

It was a dreamy, melancholy strain, with a rapid, running bass, very sweet, and played excessively pianissimo,—the wonderful tone he was so celebrated for. Except for this there was nothing very extraordinary in his playing.

He used both pedals continually, and but once came down with the forte passage. While he was playing, his face was set and rather sad-looking, and now and then he raised his eyes to my face without changing the expression.

Instead of feeling excited at so great an honor being accorded us, it seemed to have a chilling effect; and when he rose and came towards us, and we warmly thanked him, he was less calm than we were, for he seemed saddened and nervous.

He looked at his fingers, and said, "Ah, these are invalids; I can do nothing with them now. I am an old man,—ah, yes, a very old man."

I took his hands, and he looked pleased as we admired them. He must really have been amused at us simple little girls. I would have liked to kiss them, but I feared the after-ridicule of my less demonstrative sister; so I let them drop.

EXPECTANT.—A belated pedestrian going up Fort street east at a late hour the other night thought he observed a figure crouching in the latticed porch covering a front door. The matter had a suspicious look, and he halted and looked over the fence.

"Go on, now!" called the voice of a female through the gloom.

"Do you live there?" inquired the man.

"Indeed I do."

"Can't you get in?"

"Indeed I can."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he asked after a pause.

"What for?" she demanded.

"Would a respectable woman be crouched over here at this hour of the night with a club in her hand if she didn't expect her husband's very blessed minute?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Orator's Last Words.

Brilliant and eloquent S. S. Prentiss was the idolized lawyer of the north-west. Maine boy, he made himself a place in the hearts of those who liked not the Yankees. His genius fascinated and his genial manners won them in spite of their prejudices.

He might have been their political leader, but a brief experience in Congress so disgusted him with practical politics that he refused its honors. A fortune awaited him, but he turned down it, because he would not abandon social pleasures nor practice self-denial. At last he resolved to work himself out of debt, and provide for the education of his children.

"I must work!" he said to those who advised rest, because they saw that his good resolution had come too late. The spirit was now willing, but the body, enfeebled by disease and disipation, refused to obey its commands.

"Why, good sirs, a man cannot lie in bed and make his living," he answered to friends who bade him leave New Orleans and rest on a plantation.

Nerving himself, he appeared in a case which drew out the culture of the city to hear him. Never was he more brilliant in wit and eloquence. He did not know, but his friends did, that it was the swan's death-song. They shaded their eyes, for they saw that the vigor of the intellect made more apparent the decay of the body.

"Take me home," he whispered to a friend, when recovering from the prostration in which his eloquent plea had left him. He was borne home on a river-boat to die.

On the night of the arrival, the family smiled mournfully to see his self return.

"Gather me half a bushel of roses with the dew on," he said to a relative. "Put them in a basin and stand it by my bed," was the remark as the roses were brought in.

During his illness, the thought that he was leaving his family destitute made him talk much about suits and raising money. Now and then the great orator became a boy again, and wandered to his Maine home.

"Dear mother, do you love me?" repeated again and again, showed that his teachings and prayers were in his mind.

In the hours of consciousness he was much distressed at the idea of death. Mary, his pious wife, urged him to trust in the Savior.

"You do not know how wicked I have been. God will never forgive me," he replied.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," replied his wife, "if you will but turn to the Lord."

"Pray, dear. Won't you pray? Don't you remember the prayers your mother taught you?" she continued.

"Oh, yes! but I want you to pray with me."

She repeated the Lord's prayer, he responding at each petition, "Amen!" "O God, the Son!" she heard him whisper, as if striving to recall the petition of the Litany. "O God, the Son, Redeemer of the World, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!"

On a Sabbath evening the wife was busy in the room, his eyes wistfully following her. "Mary!" she heard, and hastening to him, received an embrace and a kiss. It was the last word uttered on earth by the eloquent advocate.

Saratoga Hotels.

Gath writes to the Cincinnati Enquirer a gossip letter about the hotels of Saratoga, in which he says: "It may be said that every hotel in Saratoga has earned money this year. The Clarendon Hotel, which holds 350 persons, has been steadily turning away guests for three weeks. The Grand Union Hotel, with its accessories, has about 1,900 guests at this moment, and distinguished men. Senators and others, are firmly told when they appear at the counter that it is useless to register, as there is no more room. There are about one thousand persons at the United States Hotel. Our guests," said Marvin, the manager, "don't want to be crowded up. They pay for double chambers so as to have room and privacy for three weeks. The Grand Union Hotel, with its accessories, has about 1,900 guests at this moment, and distinguished men. Senators and others, are firmly told when they appear at the counter that it is useless to register, as there is no more room. 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Intelligence Items.

A Texan has killed over 100 deer this year.

There is not a national bank in Mississippi.

Florida grew the biggest watermelon—105 pounds.

Pearls worth \$100 each are found in the Llanos river.

New Zealand has a mountain peak 12,375 feet high.

Florida has about 300 Indians within her boundaries.

Oconee, S. C., has a white buzzard twenty-three years old.

Quarantine is obstructing the mails in many parts of the South.

It is estimated the Texas cotton crop will reach 1,100,000 bales.

The debt of Texas is \$5,000,000, and the interest \$362,000 a year.

Croquet is the rage among the natives of the Sandwich Islands.

Texas expects to have fifteen Congressmen after the next census.

Columbia, S. C., has produced one ear of corn seventeen inches long.

Beef sells in Wilmington, N. C., for one and a half to two cents per pound.

New gold mines are constantly being found and opened around Washington, Ga.

The Macon, Ga., gamblers are required to pay a license tax of \$200 a month.

A sawfish weighing 608 pounds and bearing a saw four feet long was caught at Charleston.

In Cedar Keys, Florida, where there is a population of 1,200, there is only one Republican.

Catholic agitation against secular schools is in progress throughout Australia and New Zealand.

The total receipts of the Patent Office for the last fiscal year were \$703,146; expenditures, \$543,651.

Memphis has organized one hundred mounted patrols to protect herself against burglars and incendiaries.

The adoption of a bi-metallic standard by England and Germany is more probable now than it has been for some time past.

It has been so hot in Copiah county, Miss., that the truth-tellers are declaring that watermelons evaporated two hours after pulling.

According to the new Texas code, posting a man as a coward, in a newspaper or otherwise, because he refuses to fight a duel, subjects the poster to a fine of \$500 to \$1,000.

The Oneida community is about to take a new departure, in deference to public sentiment. Pastor Noyes, the head of the community, announces that it is proposed to renounce "complex marriages," and "place themselves upon St. Paul's platform, which allows marriage, but prefers celibacy."

Sixty-three ladies presented themselves at the mid-summer matriculation examination just held at London University. This is nearly six times as many female candidates as applied for the examination last January, at which women for the first time were admitted upon an equality with men.

To Mend Stockings.

A lady, who finds in the practice of the homely art that brings comfort to her family, gives these suggestions as to stocking-mending:

Given a dozen pairs of woolen ribbed socks. Select from them the two or three pairs most worn; cut away the heels and toes, and lay by the better parts for use in mending—well, yes, for patches.

From the best hose retained to be repaired, cut out the worn heel, and from the patches cut a new heel precisely like the old one.

First sew the bottom of the heel, then sew it into the place made vacant. Use soft cotton, or else the fine, soft mending yarn, which comes, of all colors, on spools.

Sew the raw edges "over and over" about as close as a nice overcast; so that when this new heel is worn out, you have only to pull the thread and insert another.

The thread must not be so tight but that the seam will flatten and become imperceptible to the foot. To sew in such a heel will require about one minute.

If the toe is worn, so that the new darts seem to take from the old, and the rent is made worse, cut it off so far towards the instep as it is thin.

From the top of one of the socks put aside, cut a new toe like the old. Sew across the end, and then around the foot, observing to make the seam, as before, flat and soft.

When again worn out, repeat the process, till the entire dozen, like the faded ducks, have eaten one another up.

Outwitting A Map Agent.

A map agent went into one of our manufacturing establishments recently, with an egotistical idea that his power of reading faces was a great aid to him in his business. He looked the shop over and fixed upon a commonplace-looking workman, with an intelligent face, as the individual upon whom to begin business. Approaching the man he touched a spring and down dropped an elaborate map of Connecticut, with its towns, railroads and rivers all properly located. Then it was earnestly and comprehensively described by the glib agent, who briefly stated the advantage of such an educational chart to the possessor, etc. The workman, looking up very innocently from his work, remarked: "That is mighty pretty! Should think it would be first-rate in a family! What is the expense of such an article?" "Only \$150," responded the agent, dilating upon the bargain there was in the value offered for such a small amount of cash. Would you rather have \$150 than to have that?" asked the workman. "Certainly," responded the agent. "Well, I don't know much about such things," said the laborer, "but with your experience, if you feel that you had rather have \$150 than to have that map, why, I think I had too!—Norwich Bulletin.

The American Society Novel.

THE STORY IN TEN BRIEF CHAPTERS AND MORALS.

The Graphic has the following travesty of the modern American society novel:

Preface.

This is the bare, bald and hideous skeleton of one-half the present American society novels.

CHAPTER I.

The Heroine.

She was pretty, well educated, graceful in manner, polished and pleasing. By her beauty she captivated many young men. Her parents were but in moderate circumstances. That is all.

CHAPTER II.

The Hero.

He was rich. He kept this from her a secret. She guessed it, however. He was of the "blue blood" of the United States. His noble ancestors couldn't make a good living in Europe so they came to America. Their noble house was founded in a small grocery store. The founder of the family straddled in rum, tobacco, sugar and niggers.

Augustus wanted to get a pretty wife who would marry him for himself alone. He got awfully fooled. But he never found this out until some years after their marriage, and this discovery has nothing to do with our romance.

CHAPTER III.

The Stuffing.

They met. Namby pamby. Namby pamby. Squash, gush, style. Namby pamby, namby pamby, gush, mush, squash. Namby pamby. Namby pamby, mush, gush, squash.

CHAPTER IV.

She threw the other fellow overboard. At first the poor parents did not like the disguised rich suitor, because they thought he might be a poor poet, painter or writer. She knew better, and told the old folks to mind their business.

That night he slipped on her beautiful neck a string of pearls worth \$500. "I am a poor man," said he, "remember that."

CHAPTER V.

More Stuffing.

Namby pamby. Namby pamby. Namby pamby. Namby pamby.

CHAPTER VI.

The Sentinel.

"You know more of the world than I, Augustus," said she. "Tell me, are there many people in the world?"

"Not many," said he.

"Where do all the people in the world live?" she asked confidently.

"In winter on Fifth avenue; in summer at Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga, and a few in Europe," he said.

"And are these all?" said she.

"All," said he softly.

"Tell me," said she, in her silvery tones, "how much must one be worth to be a gentleman or a lady?"

"At present not less than \$1,000,000. In old times one might go in society for \$500,000, but prices rule higher now. In fact mere one-millionaires are but just tolerated in good society," said he.

He slipped on her finger a \$1,000 diamond ring. "Remember, I am but a poor man," said he.

"I care not," said she. "You are good and noble, and those qualities are better than wealth."

CHAPTER VII.

Stuffing.

Namby pamby. Namby pamby. Namby pamby. Namby pamby.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Evening Chapter.

They were married. He gave the village minister a \$200 wedding fee.

"We go now," said he, "to meet my poor old mother and sisters. Our house is humble but clean."

It was all as she had expected.

"Dearest Augustus," said she, "how can you deceive me thus?"

The rest. More gold watches. Six Saratoga trunks full of dresses. Five entirely new switches. Family diamonds. Butler at the door. French maid. Another French maid. Solid crystal chamber sets. Frescoed and gilded parlors. An ivory clock worth \$2,000. Haughty blue blood mother-in-law gives her another gold watch and chain.

CHAPTER IX.

Conclusion.

Namby pamby. Namby pamby. Namby pamby.

CHAPTER X.

Moral.

To all poor but amiable girls. Go thou and do likewise.

The Social Tonic.

One most excellent way of keeping the mind from growing rusty, in the midst of daily drudgery, is to sometimes go out from all sight and sound of it, if only for one half hour. Now, fifty women who read this, say instantly: "I cannot get away from it, my cares tie me to my home." So the late pope used to call himself "a prisoner in Rome," and possibly in time, began to believe it, as fully as his people did all over the earth. Surely twenty-five of the fifty women might go out if they would not blind themselves to their privileges, and would open their eyes to see their opportunities. Little children are the greatest home anchors, but even here the older ones may be taught to take good care of the little ones, or a little one may be dressed and taken along, to its great delight and real advantage. When it is work alone that hinders, try and condense and lop off excrescences and to save time for your own good. When brain, as well as hands, seem overburdened, you must take time for rest and change, or you may soon have more idle time than you like. Said a working woman to me one afternoon as she sat in my house: "When I have been working hard, as I have to-day, nothing rests me so much as to dress and run out for a little call. The walk refreshes, and the few minutes' chat enlivens my spirits so that I go back feeling a great deal better." It is this social medicine that many want, far more than any drugs, to give tone and cheer to the whole system. It is a tonic easy to take, and may impart a like benefit to others as well as one's self.—Lady's Journal.

For the Boys.

We hope that our readers will not think that we are saying too much about the boys. For, indeed, we are not. No sir. Honest Quaker, boys; hope to die; cross your heart. You need a little talking too. You think too much of yourselves. Only night before last we saw twenty of you in your regular loafing place on the Fort Madison road, just south of South street. You might have been in better business. You were wasting time, and talking stuff that did you no good.

The following story, printed by the New York Times, shows what you can do for yourself if you will only try:

A bright-looking boy, twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson market police court last evening, and said to Justice Morgan:

"Judge, your honor, I want to give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the court.

"Because," replied the lad, "I hain't got no home, and I don't want to live in the street and become a bad boy."

"Why don't you stay at home?" asked the justice.

"I hain't got no home. Father has been dead nine years, and mother died before that," he replied.

"But where have you been living since?"

"With my aunt. She lives in Forty-first street. But she gets drunk, and won't let me stay indoors. To-day she chased me out, and said if I ever came back she would do something awful with me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Nobody will take me in because I hain't got no good clothes and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it. Then the cops will take me in. I don't want to get arrested; I don't want to steal, nor to be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something and get to be a man?"

The justice told the boy there were such places for good boys, and taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.

If every boy in the world would act on this principle, how many good boys and men there would be, how many happy families there would be, and what poor, miserable, unprofitable skeletons our penitentiaries would be!

We don't want to ask you, boys, to think of the penitentiary; but we ask you to think of yourselves. We ask you to believe that idleness begets vice; to believe that a hoe or a wood-saw is better company for you than a dime novel; that a constant pride in yourself is worth more to you than dollars and cents. As long as you loaf on the fences, and rob watermelon patches, you are all wrong. As long as you are delicately, even morbidly, sensitive in regard to your personal reputation, you are all right. Try to be useful. Be careful to never do anything that you will ever be ashamed of. Be outspoken, open, and honest in everything. In short—

"To thine own self be true; it doth follow, as the day the sun, on can't not then be false to any one!" —Burlington Hawkeye.

Think Before You Spend.

Do you really need the article? It is probably a pretty trifle in dress, in furniture; but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or it is some luxury for the table that you can as well do without. Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended, and while you hesitate, the dealer says to you, "It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." But before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to "lay something by for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for the moment; you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step toward learning this lesson is to think before you spend.

A FORTUNE IN A BARREL OF APPLES.—Yankee ingenuity is not always a pattern to beginners in business, but the following case at least points the moral that honest trade is safer than feverish speculation.

This is one of the ways fortunes are made in Leadville, Col. A. Cohen was one of the speculators who went there to look for a silver mine. His money dwindled rapidly, until he had only three dollars and fifty cents left.

In desperation, he went to a wholesale grocery and bought a barrel of apples, paying his entire capital on account, and remaining in debt one dollar and fifty cents. Then he set up a stand at a busy street corner, and offered his apples for sale at ten cents apiece.

Before sundown he had sold out, and was the possessor of nearly thirty dollars. The next day he had a larger stock in trade, and did equally well. In a fortnight he was a well-to-do man. His profits had been immense. Now he has a large fruit, nut and candy business, and has a store full of assistants.

The exports of Egypt in 1878 were about \$40,000,000; in 1877 about \$60,000,000, and in 1876 about \$90,000,000. These figures, says a correspondent of the London Times, are worthy of study by every one who holds Egypt a rich country and able to pay her debts. The reason of the falling off is the falling off of the crops.

It is boldly asserted by a Cincinnati paper that several Western colleges will confer an LL. D. on a man for the sum of \$50. This may be true, but why anyone should consider such a title worth more than five dollars passes all understanding.

Wit and Humor.

THE FALL OF A FRIEND.—An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

A book canvasser in Indianapolis was told by a lawyer that she had better be mending her stockings, and it took him over half an hour to realize that he had been knocked down by a stone ink-bottle.

"Nothing is made in vain!" exclaims the divine; but the next moment, as an aggregation of silk, lace and feathers sweeps up the aisle, he realizes that something is made in vain.—Yonkers Gazette.

That good old New Hampshire custom of honoring a newly-married couple with a 'lasses candy-pull is said to be falling into decay. One by one the things which make life pleasant are fading away.

Actual occurrence in a Chicago street car. Stylish lady holding a lap-dog is about ready to leave the car. Dog manifests impatience. Lady says in her sweetest tones, "Wait, darling, till mamma puts on her glove." Passengers roar with laughter.

"In pursuing my theme, I should like to cover more ground, but—Buy shoes big enough for you feet, and you'll do it," was the impudent suggestion from the crowd, and the orator adjourned his remarks until a more refined audience could be present.

An old Scotchman, who married a girl only about one-third his age, being rallied on his folly by friends, said: "Weel, weel, she'll be nigh to close my een at the last." "Close your een!" exclaimed another of the party. "Weel, I have had two wives, and they opened my een."

"You be drunk, sir," said the captain to an intoxicated blue-jacket fresh from an unlimited absence without leave. "I know I'm drunk," returned the tar, "but I shall get over that. As for you," he went on, looking at his commanding officer pityingly, "you're a fool, and you'll never get over that."

An old farmer intent on making his will was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied: "Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is; we've been married for upward of forty years, and I've always called her my old woman." The lawyer left a blank, to be filled up when his old woman's name was ascertained.

A certain Scotch country minister removed from one parish to another, and on Sunday "exchanged" with his successor in his former charge. At the close of the service an elderly woman inquired what had become of her "ain minister." "Oh, we're exchanging," he replied; "he's with my people to-day." "Indeed, indeed," said the matron, "they'll be gettin' a treat the day."

A Paris paper gives the following as a "specimen examination" of candidates for places on the armed police: "Suppose you were going along the road with two prisoners and one of them ran away, what would you do?" "What would I do? Why, I'd shoot the other one and pursue the fugitive." He is at once admitted to the force and assigned to the twenty-ninth arrondissement.

NOT QUITE READY FOR TRIAL.—"Are you ready for trial, Mrs. Ferguson?" "Not yet, yer Honor." "And why not, pray?" "Shure, I'm makin' a new pollynaise to appear in on the witness stand, an' it's not quite ready. May it please the court?" "When will the gown be finished?" "I've got it all done but the trimmin'." "I'll have that on by Chuesday, yer Honor." The case was postponed accordingly.

The late Baron James Rothschild used to tell, with great delight, about an old clerk who called upon him one day to get a leave of absence for a few days and a month's salary in advance.

"It will be a great accommodation to me," he said, "and I won't forget it." The baron granted his request unhesitatingly; whereupon the clerk squeezed his hand warmly, saying: "You are a Christian, you are; I'll do as much for you next time."

At a Southern camp meeting, held many years ago, says the Boston Transcript, were two ministers who were mutually antagonistic. One of them, Brother Davis, had a wooden leg, and when he was especially wrought up, would emphasize every word by thumping it on the platform. During one of the sessions of the camp meeting, when the public tent was crowded, and Bro. Davis was exhorting with all the energy in his power, Bro. Jones appeared with a gold-headed cane. Pointing his long bony finger at him, Bro. Davis exclaimed, "Brother Jones, there'll be no gold-headed canes in heaven!" "No," said Bro. Jones, angered by the sudden attack, "and no wooden-legged preachers there, either."

A GOOD SWAP.—When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the judge once got to bunkering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unsewn up to that hour, and no backing out under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars. At the hour appointed the judge came up leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and laughter in the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, sat down on his saw-horse, and exclaimed, "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the best of a horse-trade."

Useful sentences from the meeting of the Ohio Teachers' Association: "There is too much arithmetic studied, and too little understood." "We follow our fathers in underrating women; instead of weighing brains, we estimate by sex." "The teacher of to-day has a work to do that, in importance, rises above the usual routine of duties—that is, far above mathematics, the sciences, the arts, the classics; it is to make of the boys and girls entrusted to him, men and women of purity and integrity."

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WIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., OCT. 4, 1879

A Wonderful Invention.

The deaf can hear by means of their teeth! The audiphone, an instrument invented by a Western Yankee for alleviating the misery of deafness, is simply a sheet of vulcanized rubber, about 1.22 of an inch in thickness set firmly in a handle of the same material. In the upper rim of this sheet are pierced some holes through which passes a silken cord. This goes down on the inner side of the sheet to the handle, through a slot in which it passed. By pulling the cord this sheet is bent over any angle which the user may desire. Each person has to ascertain for him self what kind of a curve of the rubber sheet will enable him to hear best. Generally it is very slight—only about ten or twelve degrees—though apparently the deafer the person the greater the curve must be. When used the person holding it simply touches the upper edge of the fan, or audiphone, against his teeth of the upper jaw. The voice of the speaker strikes upon this tense sheet of rubber, and communicates to it vibrations which in turn are imparted to the teeth, and then pass to the auditory nerve. With this operation the outer ear has nothing whatever to do; the delicate machinery through which sound, passing from without makes an impression upon the auditory nerve is not used at all. The outer ear may be stopped up entirely, so far as it is possible to do it, and yet one hears distinctly the moment the audiphone is applied to the teeth of the upper jaw for the reason that they are more nearly in contact with the auditory nerve; nor does it make much difference whether the teeth be one's own or artificial so long as those artificial teeth are tightly fitted; for when that is the case the vibration is imparted about as well as when they are natural teeth. The inventor is deaf himself. He happened one day to hold a watch between his teeth, and noticed that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This set him to thinking that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sound of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve through the medium of tube, just as the ticking of a watch had been.

A Smart Wife.

The other morning a citizen called at a hardware store on Woodward avenue and said he wanted a key to a certain door in his house and he took up and carried away almost the first key handed out to him. On his way down town after dinner he stopped and exchanged the key for another explaining that the first wouldn't fit. These changes took place twice a day for the next four days the citizen being unable to get hold of a key to fit. On the sixth day he drove up to the store with a door on a dray, and calling to the proprietor he said:

"Bring your box of keys out here and we'll get a fit to that lock. Here I have been running back and forth for about a week and I might not have got a fit for a whole month if my wife had not suggested that I bring the door down here. Some of these women are mighty smart."

"But why didn't you take the lock off and bring it down in your pocket?" asked the dealer.

The buyer looked at him in a vacant way stared hard at the door and sat down on the curbstone with the remark:

"It's a wonder that the whole family wasn't sent to the fool-house ten years ago!"—[Detroit Free Press.

That brisk little lady of 72 Summers Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, has arrived in Washington. She tells the Post that she will try to reform Congress—a startling suggestion truly. Her plan is to equip a large hotel in Washington where the accommodation and prices will encourage the Congressmen to take their wives and children to the Capitol with them. Should the Congressmen have their wives to watch them, thinks Mrs. Gaines, they wouldn't be so wicked.

Some people profess to believe that celibacy is more honorable than matrimony. What a pity it is that their parents before them did not think so. It would have saved the believers the trouble of an existence.—[Rome Sentinel.

It is not generally understood that a person can go without breathing for an almost indefinite period simply by sitting upon the floor with his back firmly placed against the wall. The reason for this not being more widely known is because it's a lie.—[Rockland Courier.

It was an unfortunate mistake of the compositor to put under the head line, "Reduction in the price of gas," the statement that Mr. receives only fifty dollars for a lecture now instead of a hundred as formerly.

A subscriber to a southwestern paper died recently leaving four years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave and deposited in the coffin a palm leaf fan, a linen coat and a thermometer.

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

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CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

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mar15.

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